

Shadow

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

VOL. 7 NO. 11
FEBRUARY 1948

COMICS

10¢



Proving that **CRIME DOES NOT PAY**



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COMIC!**

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THE SHADOW

TAKE FROM THE SACRED URN THE SNAKE

I OBEY, OH ORACLE!!

I WILL HOLD IT ALOFT SO THAT MY SINS WILL....
ENOUGH!!! IT...
IT BIT ME!!

Powell

The Hiss of Death...



YOU ARE DYING, OH FAITHLESS ONE THAT WOULD DESERT HER HUSBAND!! DIE! DIE!! BE THE SECOND TO PERISH



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LISTEN TO THIS, MARGOT... "THE SECOND BODY OF A SHABBLIY DRESSED WOMAN WAS FOUND IN THE EAST RIVER... POLICE BELIEVE IT SUICIDE"....

OH, LAMONT!!... MUST YOU READ SUCH **SORDID** THINGS AT DINNER?!

UGH!...



TO TH' **CULT MEETIN'**!... I GOTTA GO EARLY, MISS, BEFORE MY **HUSBAND** CALLS...

BERT DOESN'T **KNOW** YOU GO TO THESE MEETINGS?!



INCIDENTLY.... HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW COOK, **ANGIE**?... SHE'S **REALLY INTERESTING**!... GOES TO SOME STRANGE CULT MEETINGS, THAT PECULIAR FELLOW KNOWN AS '**THE ORACLE**' HOLDS... SHE... OH! **ANGIE**!! WHERE'RE YOU GOING?!



YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THIS **NONSENSE**, **ANGIE**?...



IT ISN'T NONSENSE, SIR!! HE'S **WUNNERFUL**!! BERT'S **CRAZY JEALOUS** 'BOUT MY SEEIN' HIM, BUT I DON'T CARE!... WHY I'D **DIE** FOR HIM.... JUST LIKE **MAGGIE ARTHUR** KILLED HERSELF LAST NIGHT 'CAUSE HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T LEAVE HER GO'S SHE COULD FOLLOW THE **ORACLE**!! OH!... HE'S **DEVINE**!!...



THAT WAS THE **SUICIDE** YOU READ ABOUT, LAMONT!... DO YOU??...

SOMETHING'S FISHY... SHH... OH, **ANGIE**... WE'RE GOING DOWNTOWN... WE'LL GIVE YOU A

WELL... GEE! THANKS!

LIFT!...



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

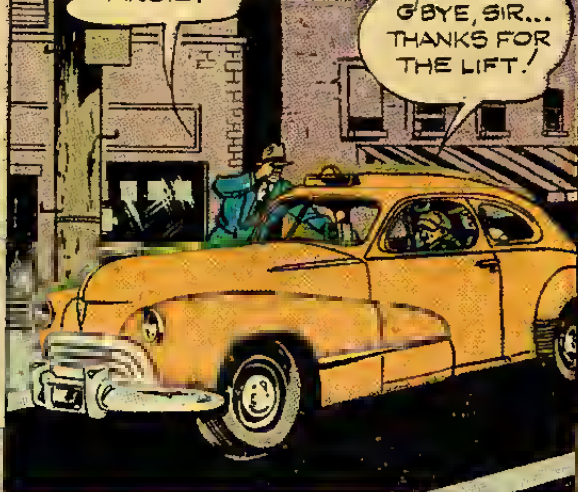
WERE THE HUSBANDS OF THE DEAD
GIRLS
JEALOUS
LIKE YOURS?
AN' HOW!!... THEY SAID THEY'D
DO PLENTY IF THEIR WIVES
DIDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM
THE ORACLE!!

HERE
Y'ARE, MR
CRANSTON!



YOU WAIT HERE, MARGOT... I'LL BE BACK IN A
LITTLE WHILE... GOODBYE,
ANGIE!

G'BYE, SIR...
THANKS FOR
THE LIFT!

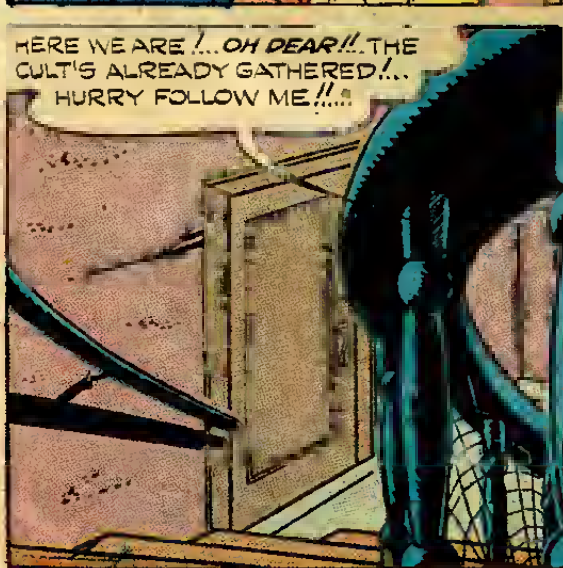


GEE, MISS LANE... WHY'N'T YOU COME WITH ME
TO TH' MEETIN'! STEAD OF JUST SITTIN' THERE
I CAN GET YOU
IN!!

WHY...!... ALRIGHT...
WHY NOT...?



HERE WE ARE!... OH DEAR!! THE
CULT'S ALREADY GATHERED!...
HURRY FOLLOW ME!!...!



I'M SURE LAMONT CAME HERE TO **INVESTIGATE** THIS ORACLE AND I MAY BE
ABLE TO HELP!... THERE'S THE HOUSE... COMON!



UGH!... IT'S SO DIM IN
HERE... AND DIRTY!





T... THERE! THERE HE IS, MISS LANE!!
...ISN'T HE *WUNNERFUL*?!

UH...WHAT A HIDEOUS
PERSON.. AND
THOSE WOMEN!

**SINFUL DAUGHTERS! DAUGHTERS
OF EVE! PLACE YOUR TRUST
IN ME!!**



CLEANSE YOURSELVES



GIVE THEM TO US!

LET US
CLEANSE
OUR SOULS!

GIVE US
THE SYMBOLS!

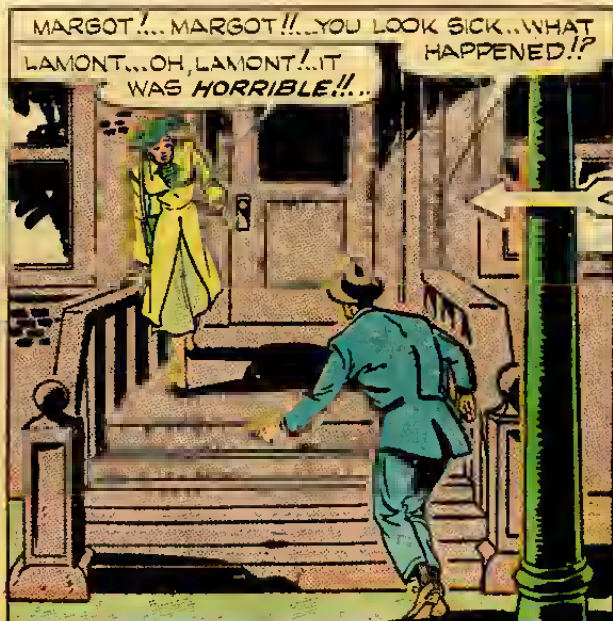
**ANGIE! THOSE WOMEN ARE MAD!!
STAY HERE!! DON'T JOIN
THEM!!**



**NO!!... LET ME GO!!!... I MUST!!!... I
MUST CLEANSE MYSELF!!!!...
THE ORACLE SAID
GO!!!... LET
GO**

ANGIE!!





AN HOUR LATER....

B...BERT!...WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?!

HELLO, ANGIE...



I WARNED YOU, ANGIE!! THAT ORACLE OR NOBODY ELSE AINT GONNA TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME!! I'M GONNA KILL YOU, ANGIE!!.....

PUT THAT GUN AWAY, YOU OLD FOOL!

HA! HA!
HA! HA!



IT'S THE SHADOW, BERT!! YOU CAN'T KILL ANGIE...YOU LOVE HER!! DROP THAT GUN AND LET HER LIVE IN PEACE!

A..ALRIGHT....I COULDN'T KILL YOU ANGIE...



DON'T LET YOUR EVIL THOUGHTS AND DEEDS RISE AGAIN OR YOU WILL BE DOOMED!!

LEAVE ME ALONE!!... SOB!!... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



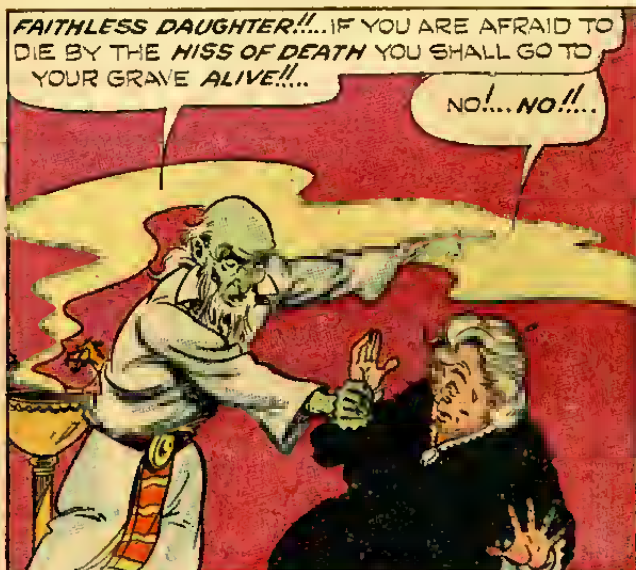
HESITANT...UNCERTAIN...ANGIE FOOLISHLY RETURNS TO THE ORACLE'S DEN FOR ADVICE....

YOU WILL BE MY BRIDE!!...LIFT THE URN LID AND GRASP THE SYMBOL



....EVIL!...THE VOICE SAID IT WOULD DESTROY ME...NO!NO!!! I WON'T!!...I WON'T GRASP THE SNAKE OF EVIL!!





THE NEXT MORNING.... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!!
BERT COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT...HE WOULDN'T!

YOU WERE SO
SURE SHE
WAS
SAFE!

SHE WAS..EXCEPT
FOR THE EVIL IN HER
HEART...MARGOT!!!
THAT'S IT!!!



WE'VE BEEN ON THE **WRONG TRACK!!!** THOSE
WOMEN WEREN'T **SUCIDES...** THEY WERE
MURDERED! BUT NOT BY THEIR HUSBANDS!
LOOK AT THIS **PHOTOGRAPH** I FOUND!!!

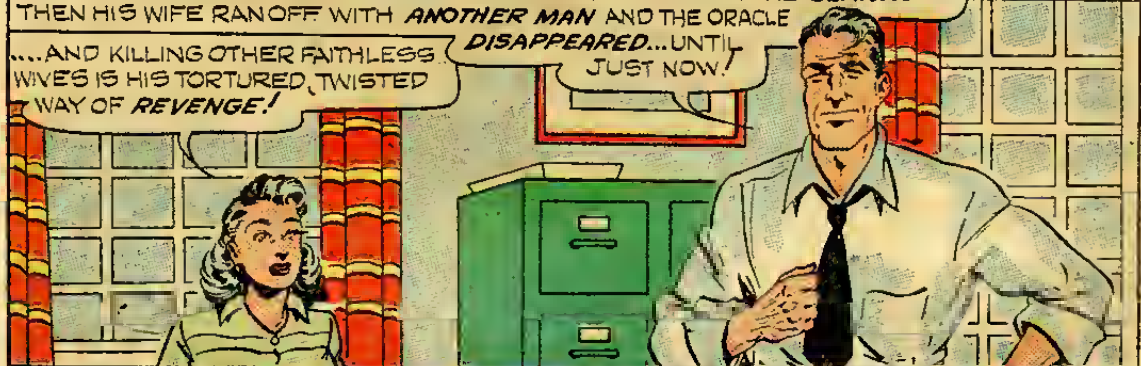
WHY...IT'S **THE ORACLE!** AND
A WOMAN HOLDING SNAKES.....
WHO IS SHE?



HIS WIFE! THEY STARTED THIS **SNAKE-WORSHIPING** IN THE **OZARKS.....**
THEN HIS WIFE RAN OFF WITH **ANOTHER MAN** AND THE ORACLE

**DISAPPEARED...UNTIL
JUST NOW!**

....AND KILLING OTHER FAITHLESS
WIVES IS HIS TORTURED, TWISTED
WAY OF **REVENGE!**



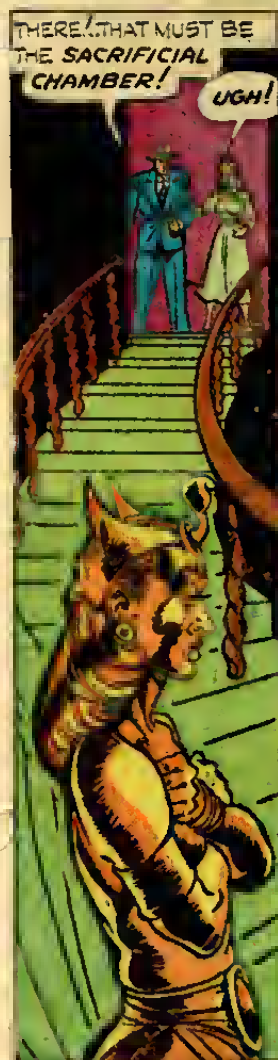
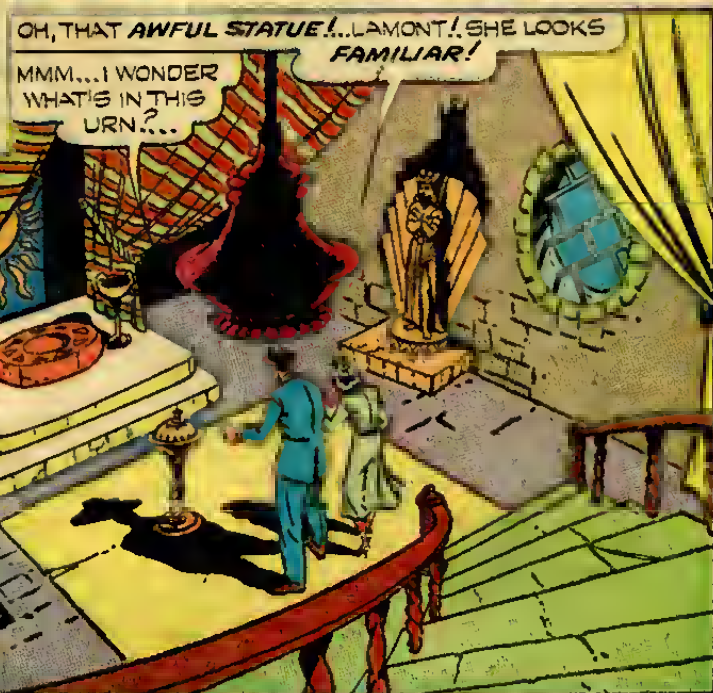
EXACTLY!...BUT THE WOMEN'S BODIES WERE FOUND
ALMOST **THREE MILES FROM HIS HOUSE.....** HE
COULDN'T HAVE **CARRIED** THEM THERE..HE GOT RID
OF THEM SOME **OTHER WAY...**AND **THAT SECRET** IS
IN **THAT HOUSE!****LISTEN!** GET SCHREVIE, THE CAB
DRIVER, TO GIVE **THE ORACLE** A LIFT WHEN HE
GOES ON HIS ROUNDS TO THE POOR AND HAVE
HIM **KEEP** HIM AWAY WHILE **WE**
LOOK OVER THE HOUSE

RIGHT!.



LATER... SCHREVIE DID IT!...**GOOD BOY!**
THE ORACLE'S CLIMBING IN.. COME ON,
LET'S GO!





MEANWHILE... AH I'VE FINISHED MY CHORES, MY SON, AND...OH...HE'S ASLEEP... WELL, I SHAN'T WAKEN HIM...HE'S DONE ME ENOUGH FAVORS ALREADY...I'M CLOSE TO HOME... I'LL WALK!!



I MUST RETURN AND PREPARE FOR ANOTHER SACRIFICE!



WHEN... THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!!...

HE PROBABLY USED *THIS SNAKE* TO KILL THOSE POOR WOMEN.



HE FOOLED THE WOMEN WITH THOSE *HARMLESS* SNAKES AT THE MEETINGS AND THEN GOT THEM *DOWN* HERE AND KILLED THEM!

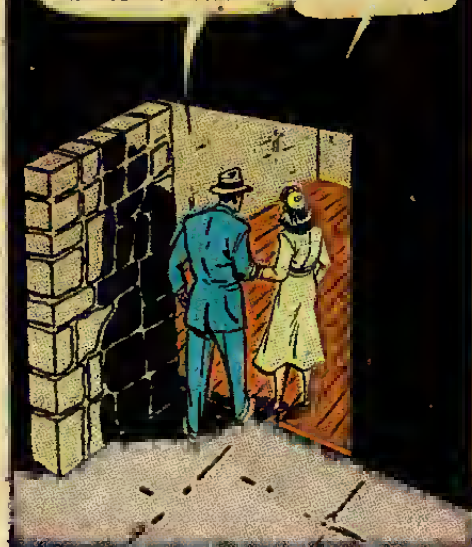
YEP!...AND IF WE CAN FIND A *PASSAGE* OUT OF THIS TOMB YOU CAN BET THAT'S *HOW* HE GOT RID OF THE BODIES



HUH!...NOTHING IN HERE!... THE FLOOR'S WET AND SLIPPERY...BUT GEE! WHAT'D HE DO WITH THE BODIES?...



HERE WE ARE!!... MARGOT THIS... BUT...IT'S *EMPTY!!*



YOU SHALL SOON FIND OUT!!

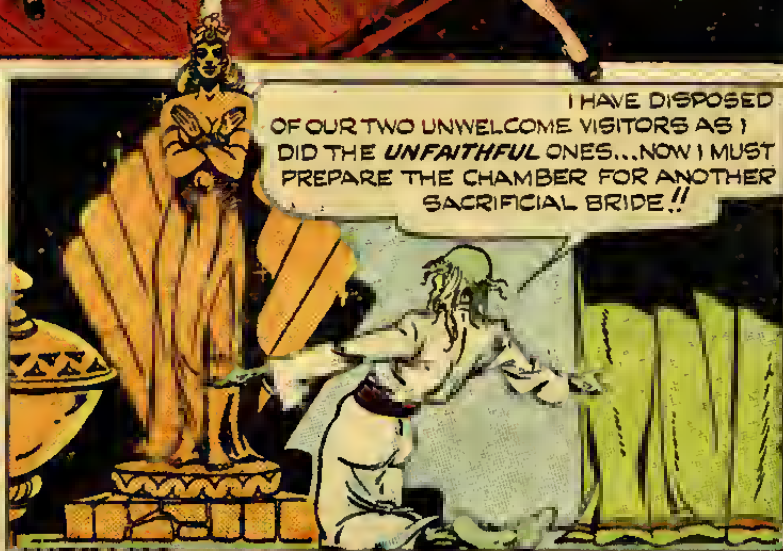


WHA...? THE ORACLE...AND...OOF...
LOOK OUT!!!!

THE FLOOR'S GIVING
AWAY!...OH!



LAMONT!!
HELP!!...I'M
SLIPPING!!
LAMONT!!



I HAVE DISPOSED
OF OUR TWO UNWELCOME VISITORS AS I
DID THE **UNFAITHFUL** ONES...NOW I MUST
PREPARE THE CHAMBER FOR ANOTHER
SACRIFICIAL BRIDE!!



NO, ORACLE...YOUR CRIMES HAVE COME TO AN
END!!!!...NOW YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR
VENGEANCE!!

THE SHADOW KNOWS ALL!...THE POLICE ARE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY HERE....

NO... THEY WILL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!!



BITE! SYMBOL OF SIN!... SINK YOUR FANGS INTO MY HEART AND RELEASE ME FROM THIS WICKED WORLD!



HA! HA!! HA..YOU FOOL!...THAT SNAKE IS HARMLESS... I EXCHANGED IT FOR YOUR COBRA PET!... YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!

WHA...!!? NO!!...NO!!



YOU TRICKED ME!! YOU CHEATED ME FROM DEATH!

YES! AND SAVED YOU FOR JUSTICE!...THE LAW...NOT THE HISS OF DEATH...HAS FALLEN UPON YOU NOW!



DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME!! I CONFESS!! I KILLED THEM ALL! THEY DESERVED TO DIE!! I KILLED THEM!! I DID IT!!

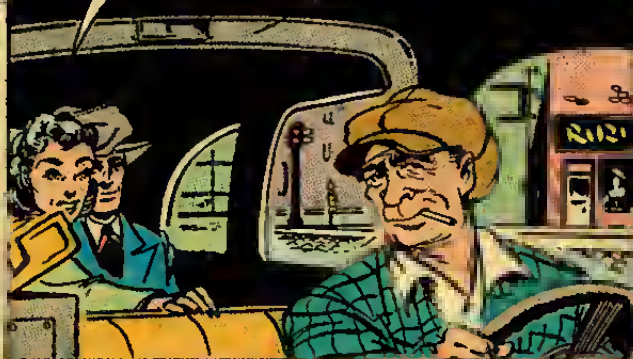
LISTEN TO THAT LOONEY...TALKIN' TO SOMEBODY THAT AINT HERE!!

YEH...BUT SAYIN' THE THINGS THE D.A. WANTS TO KNOW!!



....And so
 The oracle was
 led away yelling-
 and screaming
 the details of
 his reign of
 terror.....
 Two days later
 in Schrevie's cab,
 Margot helped
 fill in some of
 the story for
 Schrevie.....

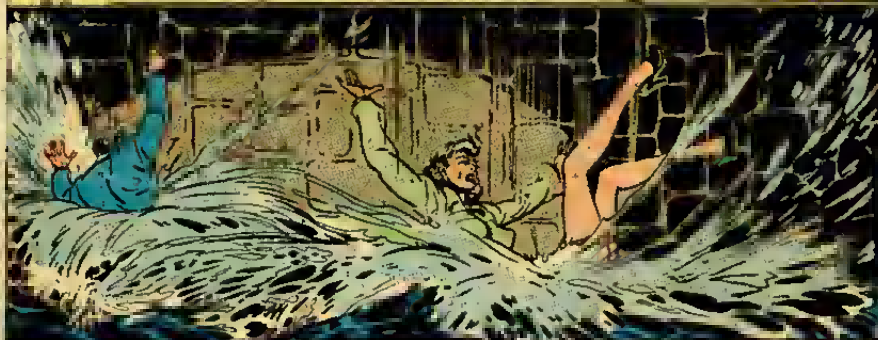
I STILL DON'T SEE *HOW* YOU GOT OUT OF THAT
 MOSTLY *LUCK*, SCHREVIE... *SEWER MAIN!*
 THAT'S WHAT *HE* SAYS!



WHEN THE FLOOR
 GAVE WAY WE
 BOTH SLID DOWN
 INTO THAT AWFUL
 SEWER WATER...



WE LANDED VERY SOLIDLY AND I PASSED OUT COLD....



LAMONT WAS DAZED BUT CAME TO IN
 TIME TO SWIM OVER TO ME....



SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO HANG ON TO ME..
 AND GET A HOLD ON THE SLIMY SEWER LEDGE
 AT THE SAME TIME



I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW, BUT HE GOT US BOTH OUT OF THAT FILTHY WATER...

AND WHEN I CAME TO HE HELPED US OUT OF THE MANHOLE, WHERE WE LUCKILY BUMPED INTO YOU....



THERE'S A GREAT DEAL OF *STRENGTH* UNDER THAT *SUAVE EXTERIOR*, SCHREVIE...

HEH!.. DID YOU SAY THERE WAS AN *IDOL* OR SOMETHIN' IN THAT PLACE?

OH, STOP IT!

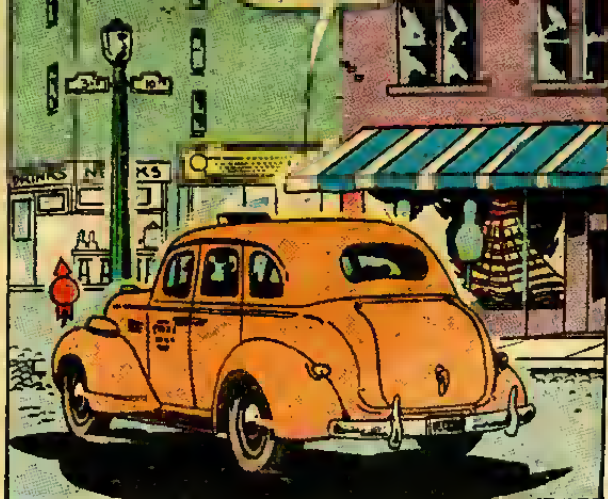


YES...AN WHEN MARGOT SAW IT, IT LOOKED *FAMILIAR*...IF YOU REMEMBER I TOLD YOU THE *ORACLE'S WIFE* RAN OFF?...WELL...SHE DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT...THE ORACLE CAUGHT UP WITH HER AND *KILLED HER*!

HOW DO YOU KNOW?



BECAUSE...THE *STATUE* WE SAW REALLY *WAS* AN *IDOL* IT WAS THE ALMOST *PERFECTLY-PRESERVED BODY* OF THE ORACLE'S *FAITHLESS WIFE*!!



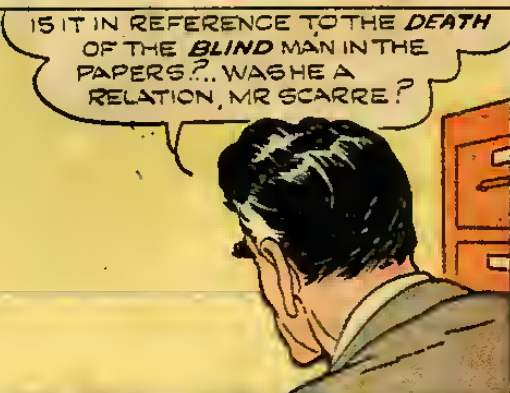
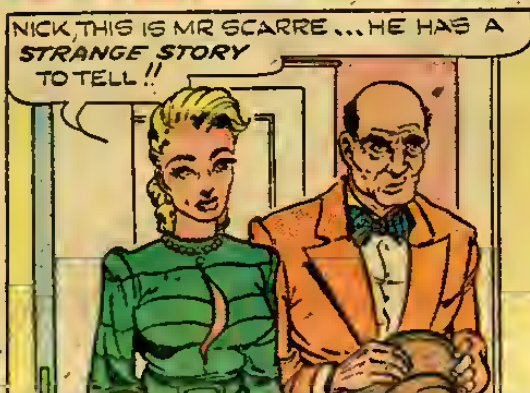
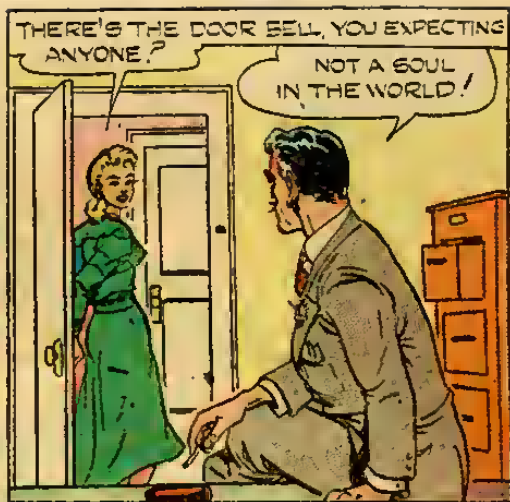
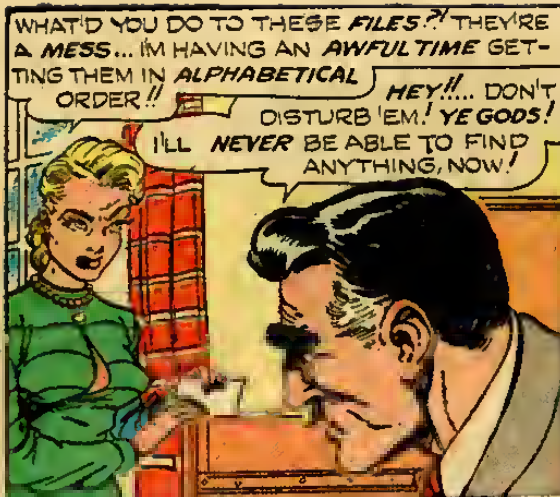
Nick Carter

"BLIND FATE"

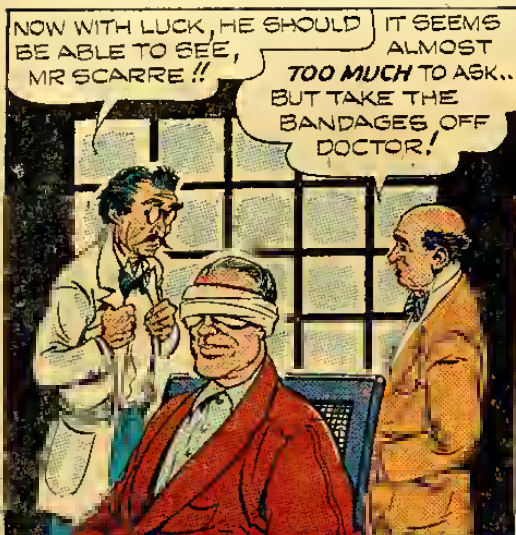


UNLIKE MOST MURDER CASES THAT NICK CARTER HAS TO DEAL WITH, THIS ONE GAVE HIM THE CLUE TO THE KILLER ALMOST AS SOON AS HE HEARD ABOUT THE MURDER.....BUT KNOWING THAT....AND PROVING IT WERE HORSES OF TWO DIFFERENT COLORS..



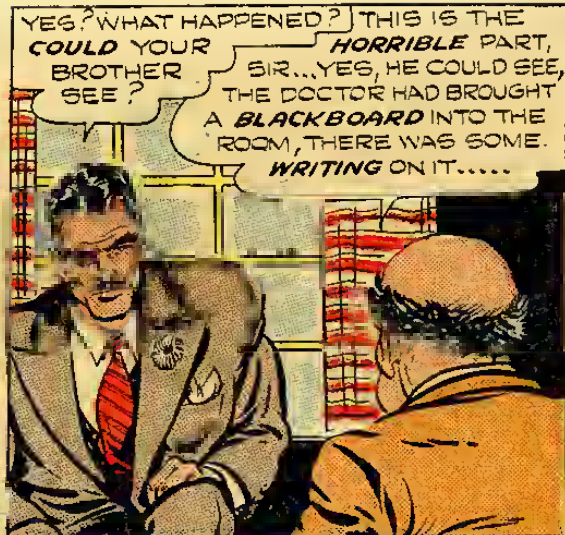


TUNE IN
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK



NOW WITH LUCK, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE, MR SCARRE !!

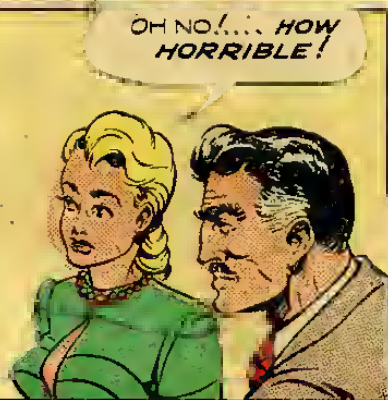
IT SEEMS ALMOST TOO MUCH TO ASK... BUT TAKE THE BANDAGES OFF DOCTOR!



YES? WHAT HAPPENED? COULD YOUR BROTHER SEE?

THIS IS THE HORRIBLE PART, SIR... YES, HE COULD SEE, THE DOCTOR HAD BROUGHT A BLACKBOARD INTO THE ROOM, THERE WAS SOME WRITING ON IT.....

THE FIRST SIGHT MY BROTHER SAW, THE FIRST THING TO GREET HIS EYES, WAS.... "BE CAREFUL! THERE IS SOMEONE WHO WANTS YOU DEAD!!!"

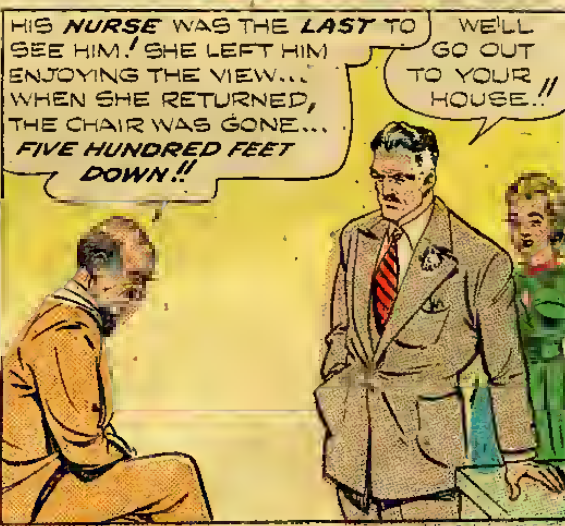


OH NO!... HOW HORRIBLE!



HE'S DEAD, ISN'T HE?

YES... SOME FIEND PUSHED HIS WHEEL CHAIR OFF THE EDGE OF A CLIFF!



HIS NURSE WAS THE LAST TO SEE HIM! SHE LEFT HIM ENJOYING THE VIEW... WHEN SHE RETURNED, THE CHAIR WAS GONE... FIVE HUNDRED FEET DOWN!!

WE'LL GO OUT TO YOUR HOUSE!!

SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER



AN HOUR LATER...

I SEE...NOW...WHEN THE CHAIR I WENT OVER, DID ANYONE **HEAR** ANYTHING?

YES...WE WERE SEATED ON THE PORCH... WE HEARD MY BROTHER **SCREAM**..



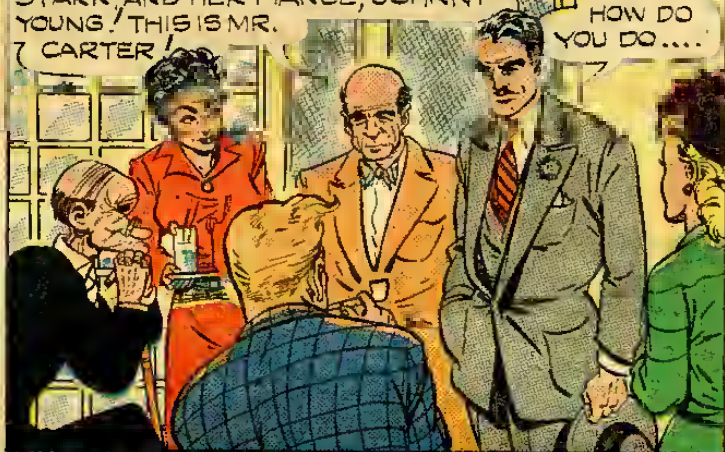
THERE ARE THE PEOPLE...ALL OF THEM WERE TOGETHER....WE WERE TALKING ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL THE OPERATION WAS !!

WHAT ARE THEIR **RELATIONSHIPS**?



OUR LAWYER, MR. FROON, MY NIECE, MISS BETTY STARK, AND HER FIANCE, JOHNNY YOUNG. THIS IS MR. CARTER.

HOW DO YOU DO....



MR. CARTER, YOU ARE OUR LAST RESORT! THE POLICE ARE GETTING NOWHERE !! YOU **MUST** FIND THE KILLER! **THIS MERCILESS MURDERER!!**

OH...BUT I **KNOW**

THAT! I EVEN KNOW HOW THE KILLER DID THE KILLING!

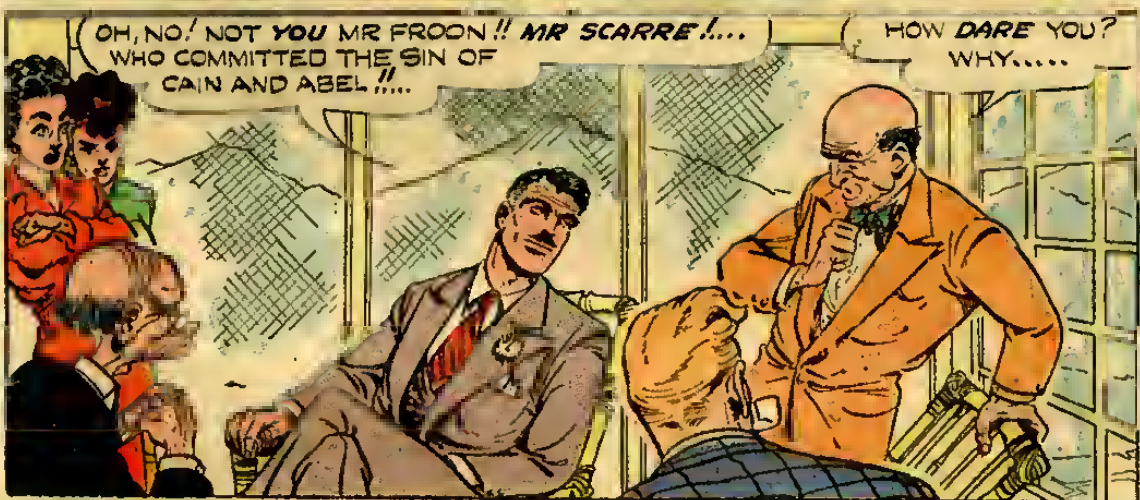
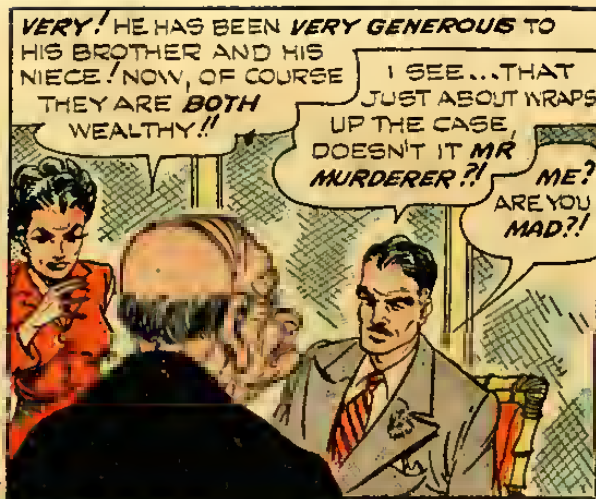
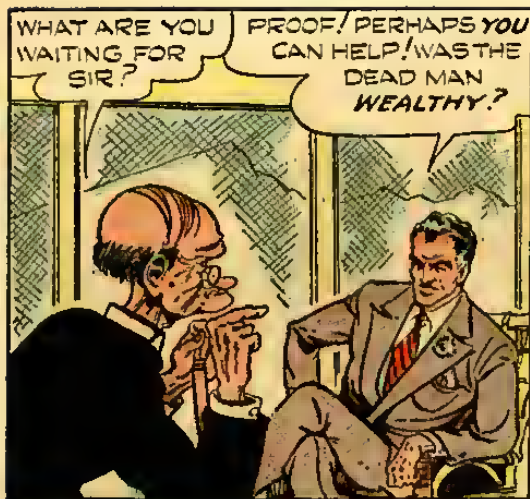


HAVING TOSSED HIS BOMBSHELL, NICK SITS BACK AND RELAXES.....

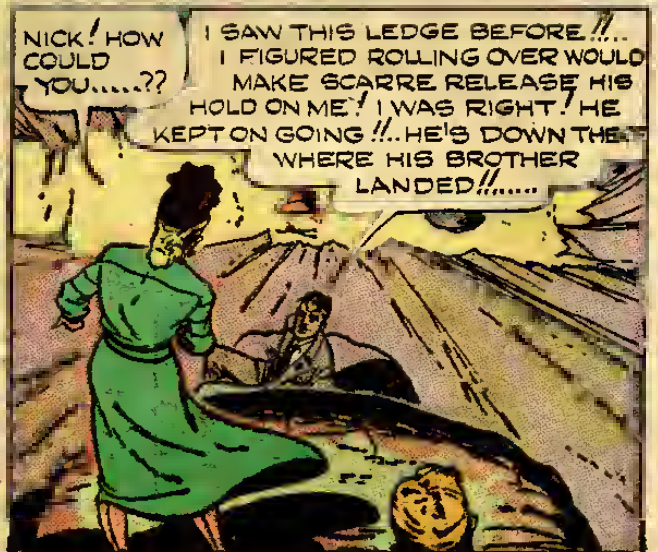
WHAT **ARE** YOU TALKING ABOUT? OR DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING I **DON'T** KNOW?

YOU KNOW EVERYTHING I KNOW, YOU SHOULD KNOW THE KILLER !!!





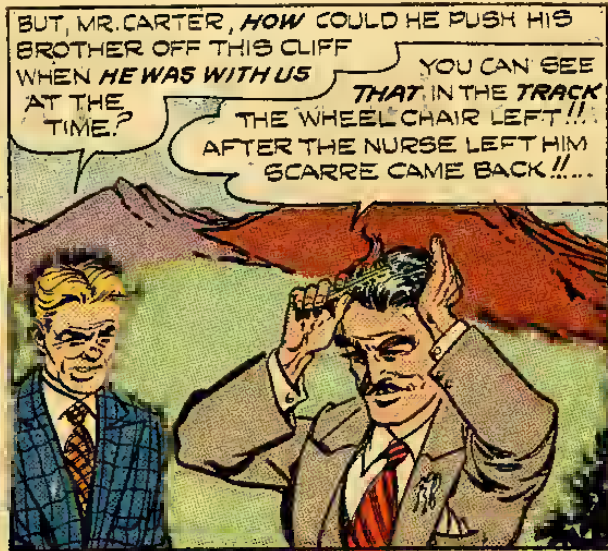






EASY DOES IT, MR CARTER!

HOW DREADFUL!...TO THINK THAT...*THAT BEAST* KILLED HIS BROTHER!...



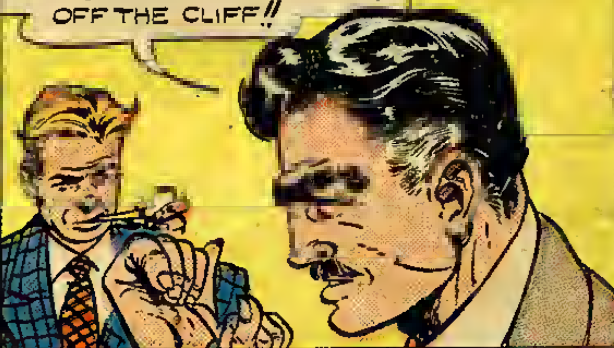
BUT, MR. CARTER, *HOW* COULD HE PUSH HIS BROTHER OFF THIS CLIFF WHEN *HE WAS WITH US* AT THE TIME?

YOU CAN SEE *THAT* IN THE *TRACK* THE WHEEL CHAIR LEFT... AFTER THE NURSE LEFT HIM SCARRE CAME BACK!...

THIS IS JUST GUESSING, BUT I THINK HE TOLD HIS BROTHER THAT THE *WHEEL CHAIR* WAS IN DANGER OF RUNNING OFF THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...SO HE *PROPPED THE WHEELS* SO THEY WERE *BRAKED!!*



HE PROPPED THE WHEELS WITH *ICE CUBES!* YOU CAN SEE THE INDENTATIONS... THEN WHEN THE *ICE MELTED* AND SCARRE WAS WITH YOU ALL, THE CHAIR TILTED FORWARD AND RAN OFF THE CLIFF!!



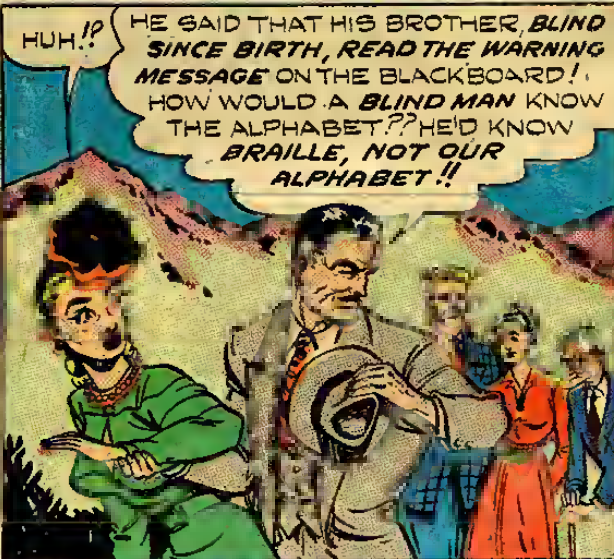
HUH!?

HE SAID THAT HIS BROTHER, *BLIND SINCE BIRTH*, READ THE WARNING MESSAGE ON THE BLACKBOARD! HOW WOULD A *BLIND MAN* KNOW THE ALPHABET?? HE'D KNOW *BRILLE*, NOT OUR ALPHABET!!



BUT HOW'D YOU *KNOW* THAT SCARRE WAS THE KILLER!

SCARRE TOLD US HE WAS THE KILLER WHEN HE *ELABORATED* TOO MUCH!



NICK SAYS "GO BACK AND CHECK PANEL 2 AND 3, PAGE 3 OF THIS STORY."

INNER CIRCLE



THE INVISIBLE S.O.S. I

THE members of the Inner Circle noticed that Nick Carter seemed nervous. He paced back and forth on the podium in front of the blackboard at the front of the room. He looked at his watch. Finally he said, "Has anyone seen Chick today?"

Looking at each other, the members had to agree that they had not. Beef called out, "No, Mr. Carter. He was to meet us here."

At that point the janitor said: "I saw Chick about twenty minutes before the meeting was due to begin. He was standing up in front of the blackboard."

Nick turned to the blackboard and looked at it closely. As far as the members could see there was nothing there. The blackboard had been wiped clean. Then, Nick did something strange! He stooped over and looked at the blackboard from an angle. His face set. He said, "I'm leaving! Beef, call the police! Tell them to be on the lookout for a black touring car, license number XY-123670. It will have three men in it and Chick!"

They watched as Beef called the cops. Sue, curious, walked up to the blackboard and looked at it. She could see nothing. She said, "Strange, I can't see what Nick Carter read!"

Time passed. Nick had been gone over an hour. The members were restless, worried about the fate of Chick and curious as to what had put Chick's foster father, Nick, on the trail. Their wait was broken when the door opened. Nick stepped into the room. Sue called out, "Where's Chick?"

Chick answered the question by walking into the meeting room, his face smiling.

Nick, no longer nervous, sat back in his chair and relaxed. Chick said, "Now, the subject of the meeting today was to be the strange and odd story of the platinum crutch, a story that I heard when I was in the army."

Beef called out, "Are you kiddin'?"

Chick said, "What do you mean?"

"We want to know what happened here today! Where were you? Who were the men in the black touring car? How did you leave a message for Mr. Carter?" Beef said, voicing what the members wanted to know.

"Oh, that. It wasn't very interesting. On my way to the meeting today, earlier this morning, I saw some men come running out of a building. They seemed in such a hurry that I took the trouble to jot down the license number of their car in my notebook."

"Lucky you did," Nick interjected.

"It was just a hunch, I didn't even know quite why I did it, except that they seemed in such a rush."

"As I say, I jotted down this number and came along to the meeting. The men in the car saw me and having guilty consciences followed me. I was standing right up here, when I saw the car pull up in front of the building. I realized they must be after me, so I used some chalk to write an S.O.S. to Nick."

"You mean," Beef said incredulously, "that you just wrote it in chalk right out in plain view?"

Nodding, Chick went on, "As I knew they would, when they came in with guns out, they saw what I had written. One of the men snarled at me and grabbed up an eraser and

wiped the message right off the blackboard. Then, with a gun in my back, I was led out of here. I hoped someone would see us, but no one did."

Chick had a drink of water and cleared his throat. "On the floor of the car I could see the reason why they were taking me for a ride. The loot from their holdup, jewels and money, was just thrown every which way all over the floor; some of it was even on my feet.

"We drove that way in silence for so long that I thought nothing was going to happen. And then, and what a delightful sight it was! Up ahead, on the road, I saw a barricade!"

Nick said, "Let me add a word. After I left here and after Beef had called the police and given the license number of the car in question, the police barricaded every road going out of town. Just by luck I happened to be in the car that was across the very road that the hold up men were trying to escape on. You can imagine my feelings when I saw the car with the license number that Chick had left, come racing up the road towards us."

"I," Chick said, "looked out and saw Nick and some policemen! I saw, too, that they had tommy guns pointed at the car I was in. That didn't make me feel too good when one of the men in the car said, 'We gotta try to run for it. Hold your heads down!'"

"I made sure that the man with the machine gun," said Nick, "aimed low, for the tires of the getaway car. Even at that, even when the bullets were ripping through the rubber of the tires I wasn't sure that the car was going to stop. It came careening on."

"In the car," said Chick, "I learned how discouraging a machine gun must be to crooks. They were all set to try and run for it till that ugly chattering sound came out of the muzzle of the tommy gun. That took some of the steam out of the crooks. One of them whimpered, 'We'll be cut in half. Stop the car!' The car came to a stop, not because of the driver who was still trying to go on, but because the ripped tires slewed the car around. It crashed to a halt."

"REUNION!"

"It turned out," Nick said, "that Chick had seen the holdup men coming out of the house just after finishing their criminal job!"

"No one would have been able to identify the car but me," Chick said. "So they figured if they rubbed me out there'd be no one able to grab them!"

Nick and Chick reached for their hats. Beef voiced the feelings of all the members. "Barricade the doors! Don't let them out!"

Chick pretended not to know what Beef was talking about. "Something worrying you?"

"You're blame right! How did Nick know what you wrote on the blackboard after the crooks rubbed it out?"

"SOLUTION!"

Chick grinned. He took something out of his pocket and threw it to Beef. "This has come in handy more than once. Here, Beef, write something on the blackboard."

The members watched as Beef wrote, "Chick Carter is a stinker." The white writing stood out boldly against the black.

"Now rub that out with the eraser," Chick said. Beef rubbed with all his might. When he was finished there was not a sign of any writing on the blackboard.

"As far as you can see everything has been rubbed out? There's no sign left of what you wrote?" Chick asked.

"Not a sign!" Beef said.

"Now look at the blackboard from an angle."

Beef scrunched down and moved his head. He said, "Well . . . of all things! I can see what I just wrote! How can that be?"

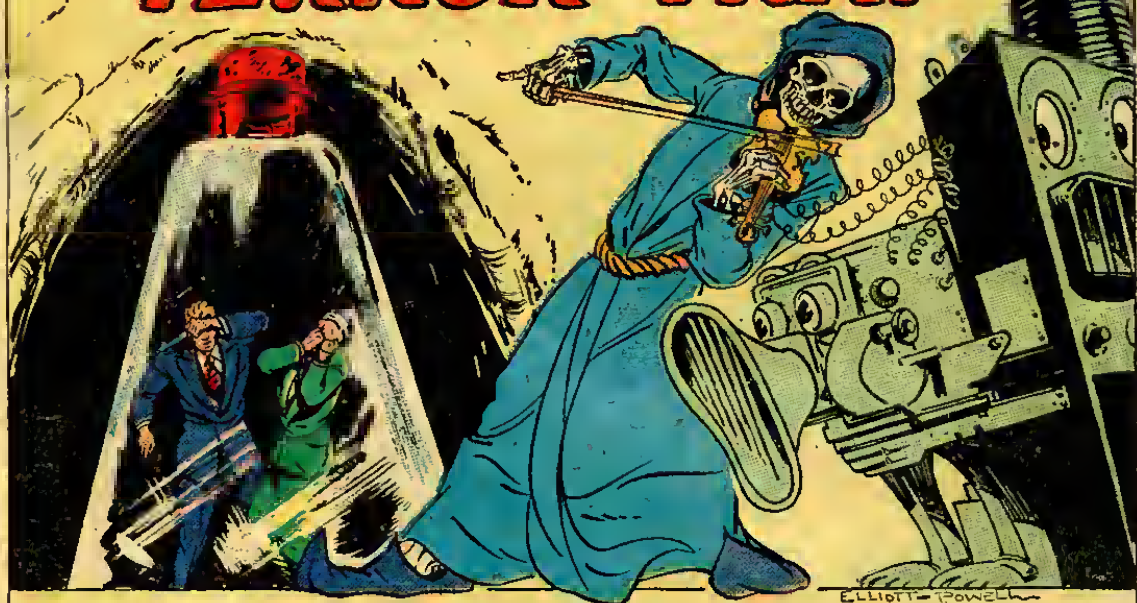
Chick held the piece of chalk aloft. "Because this chalk has been soaked in oil . . . it's an old magician's stunt! The chalk writing wipes right off, but the oil leaves a thin film that can be read if the light is just right! Cute, isn't it?"

Nick and Chick left while the members were taking turns writing with the oil soaked chalk. . . .

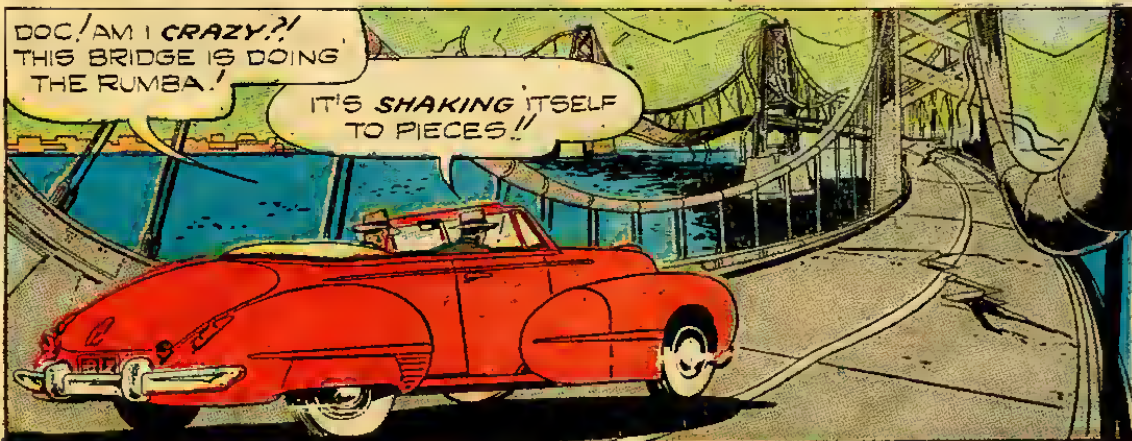
DOC Savage

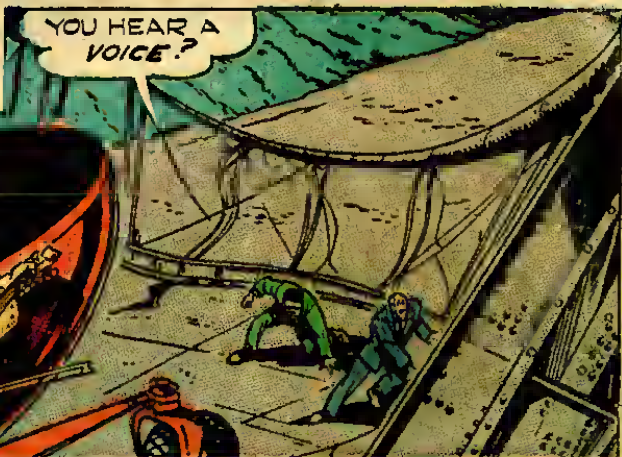
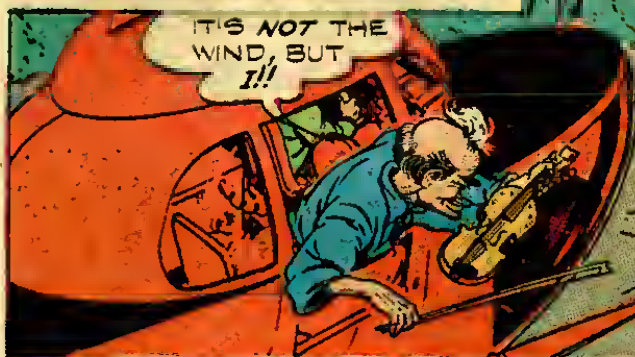
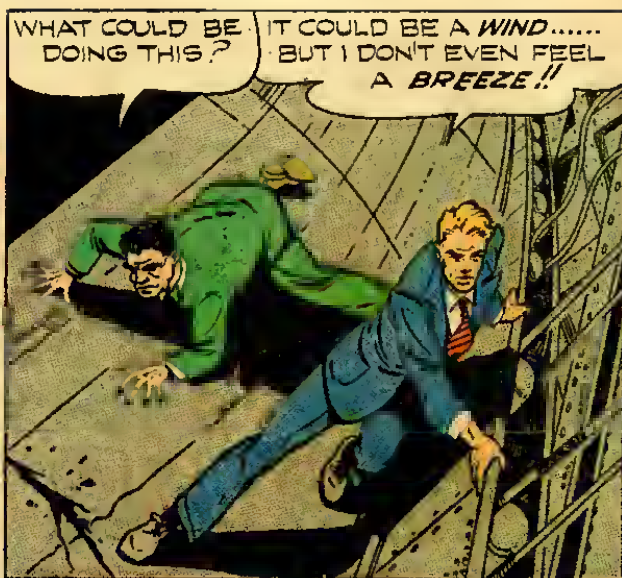
'THE MAN
OF
BRONZE'

"TERROR TRAP"



FANTASTIC AS A NIGHTMARE, EERIE AS THE TRUTH, WAS THE SINISTER PLOT AIMED AT THE HEART OF THE NATION WHEN THE MASTER OF VIBRATION WENT TO WORK.....BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE MAN OF BRONZE DROPPED AN IRON FILING.....







HE'S GETTING
AWAY, DOC!

**HOLD IT YOU TWO!.. DON'T
MOVE OR I'LL SPLATTER
YOU ALL OVER THE BRIDGE
YOU JUST
WRECKED!!**



YOU GOT ROCKS IN
YOUR HEAD? THIS
IS DOC
SAVAGE!!

I DON'T CARE
IF IT'S **DOCTOR
EINSTEIN**, THERE'S
A BRIDGE WRECKED
AND YOU TWO ARE THE
ONLY ONES
AROUND !!

EASY, MONK
WE'LL **EXPLAIN**
THE SITUATION !!

HUH!! YOU TRYING TO MAKE
ME BELIEVE SOME
NERO FIDDLER
THIS BRIDGE
TO PIECES?!

**EXACTLY! WHY
DO YOU THINK
THAT TROOPS CROSS-
ING A BRIDGE ALWAYS BREAK STEP?**

**IF THEY MARCHED IN
CADENCE THEY MIGHT HIT THE BASIC NOTE OF
VIBRATION!!! AND IF THEY DID... THE
BRIDGE WOULD COLLAPSE!!**



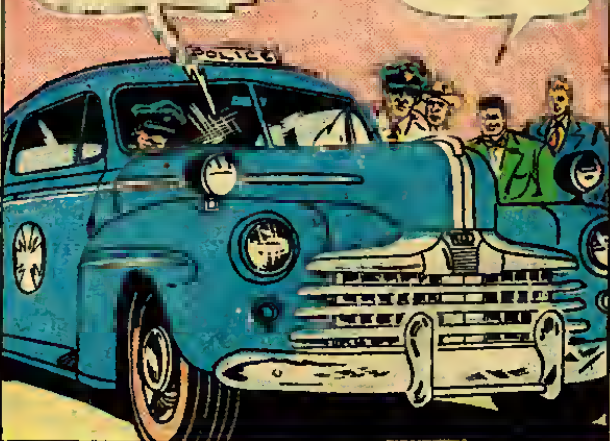
HERE'S THE LOCAL COPS..MAYBE
THEY CAN MAKE
UP THEIR
MINDS!!

NOT IF
THEY'RE LIKE
THIS CREEP!!



CALLING ALL CARS! MADMAN IN HELICOPTOR
MAKING TRYSLER BUILDING
VIBRATE !! FEAR IT WILL
COLLAPSE IF HE
CONTINUES

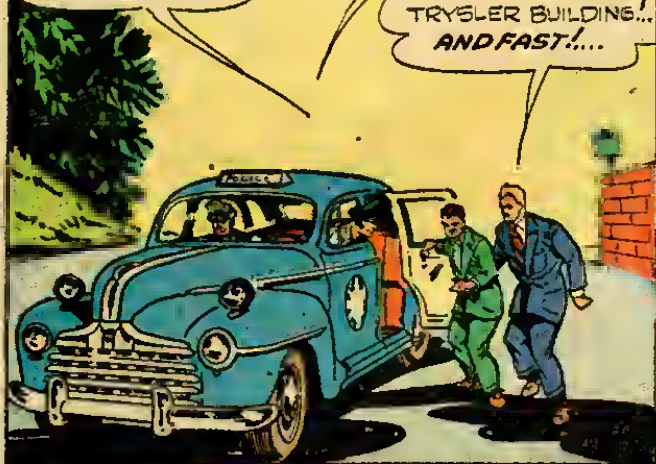
THERE!
WHAT'D WE
TELL YOU!!?



THIS IS **DOC SAVAGE**, BOYS,
HE'S THE **ONLYONE**
WHO CAN HELP!

OKAY, DOC....
WHERE TO?

TRYSLER BUILDING!
AND FAST!...



WHEN DOC'S MIGHTY BRAIN GOES INTO A
GEAR AN EERIE SOUND, LIKE A KEENING
WHISTLE EMANATES FROM HIM.....



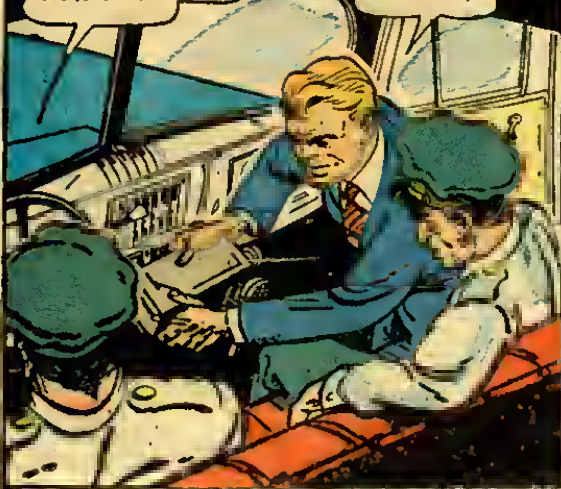
GOODLORD!... IT'S GOING TO
CRASH JUST LIKE THAT BRIDGE....
IT'S GOT THOUSANDS
OF PEOPLE IN IT
WHAT CAN WE
DO?

SHH!...
DOC'S
THINKING!!



HEY! WHATCHA DOIN'? NOT AS BADLY
WE NEED THAT
RADIO!

AS THAT **BUILDING**
DOES!

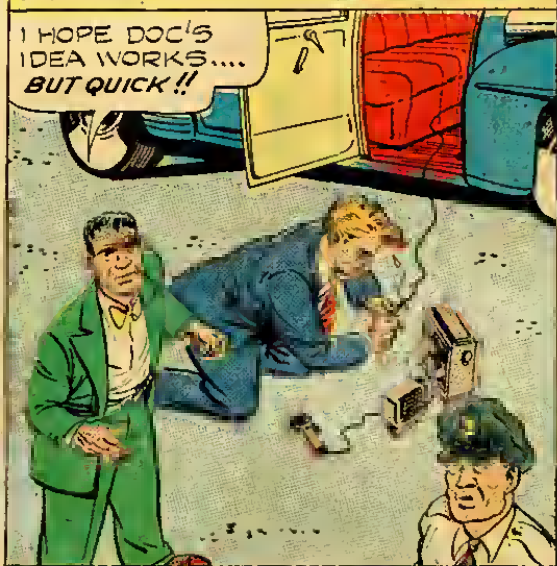


THIS **HAS** TO WORK.....



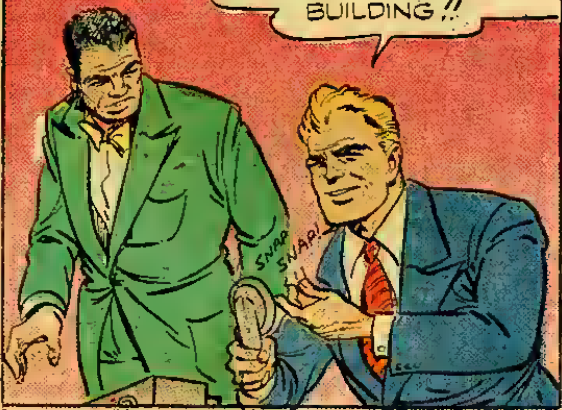
WHILE DOC WORKS DESPERATELY THE BUILDING DANCES AN INSANE RIGADOON..

I HOPE DOC'S
IDEA WORKS....
BUT QUICK!!



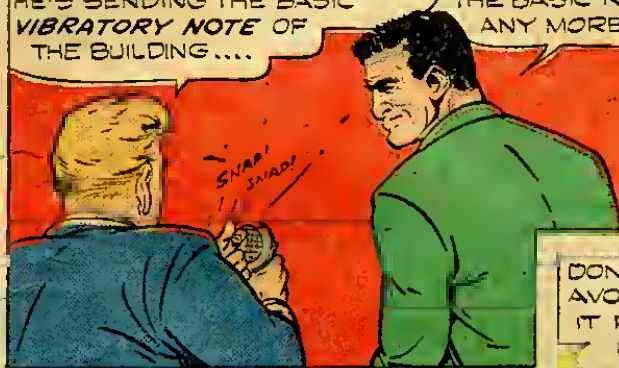
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' DOC?!

I'VE AMPLIFIED THE
TWO WAY RADIO
AND I'M BROADCASTING
WAY UP IN THE BAND...**HIGH**.
WHERE THE **VIBRATIONS** ARE, THAT
ARE WRECKING THE
BUILDING!!



DON'T YOU SEE, I'M **BLANKETING**
OUT THE **VIBRATIONS** THAT
HE'S SENDING! IT'S LIKE **JAZZ**...
HE'S SENDING THE BASIC
VIBRATORY NOTE OF
THE BUILDING....

AND
YOU'RE JAZZING
IT UP SO IT **ISN'T**
THE BASIC NOTE
ANY MORE!!



IT'S **QUIETING**
DOWN!!

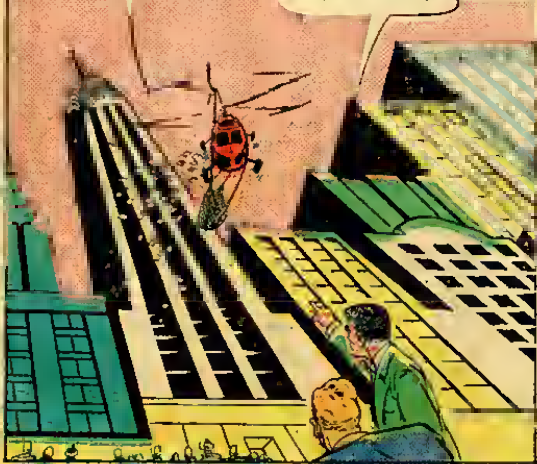
DON'T TRY TO
AVOID IT! LET
IT PICK US
UP!!

GOOD IDEA! THIS IS
THE **ONLY WAY WE**
CAN GET TO
HIM!!



HE'S DROPPING
SOMETHING!!

PAPER'S OF SOME
KIND.... SAY, DOC...
LOOK OUT!! THERE'S
A **NET**!!

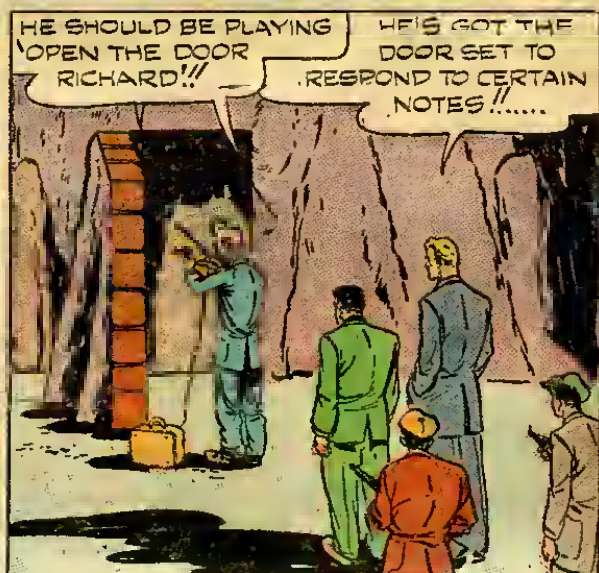
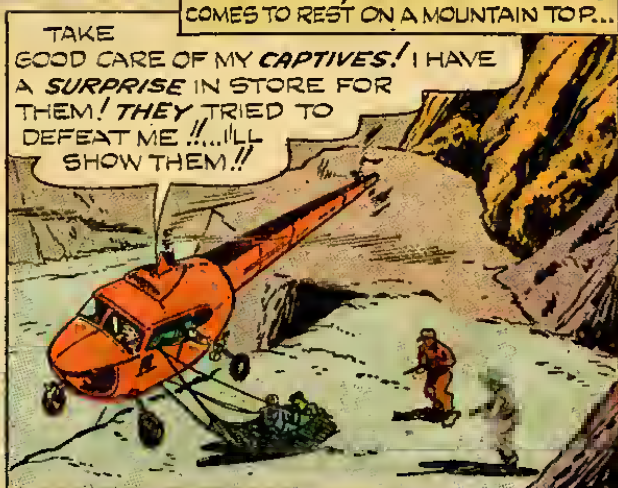




HEY...LOOK AT THIS PAPER THE COPTER DROPPED!.....**LISTEN!!!**
"WARNING, I WANT CONTROL OF THE CITY! I SHALL HAVE IT IF I HAVE TO DESTROY EVERYTHING IN IT! I WILL RETURN TO COLLECT MY TAX." "SIGNED" MASTER OF VIBRATION!!



AFTER WHAT SEEMED TO MONK LIKE HOURS, THE HELICOPTOR COMES TO REST ON A MOUNTAIN TOP...

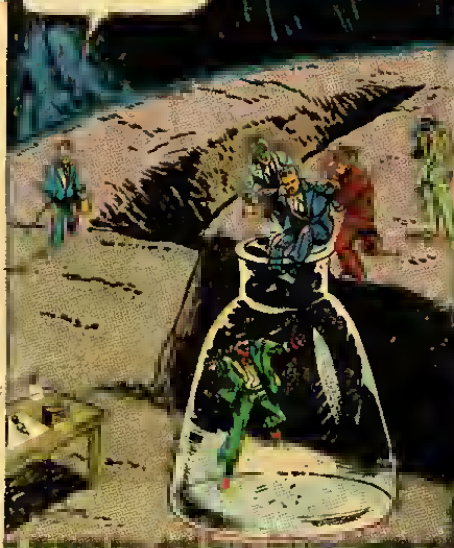


I'M GLAD I SAVED MY **MOST DIFFICULT FEAT** FOR THESE..... THESE...INTERLOPERS! THROW THEM IN THE FLASK!!...

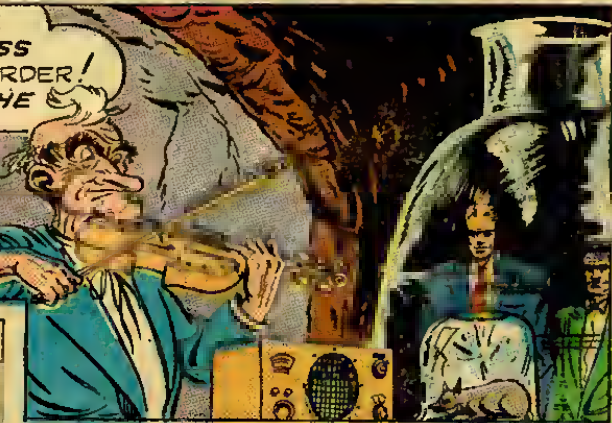
THE ESSENCE OF ANY EXPERIMENT IS IN THE **DEMONSTRATION!** I SHALL DEMONSTRATE THE FATE I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU!

NO CHANCE OF REACHING THE TOP!!

...TOO SLIPPERY... WE'RE STUCK!!...



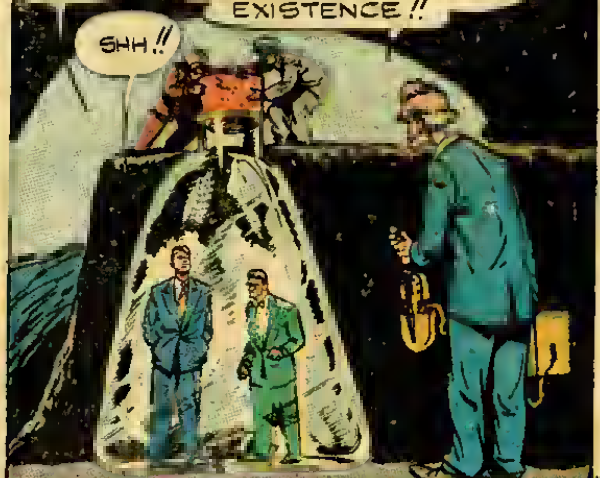
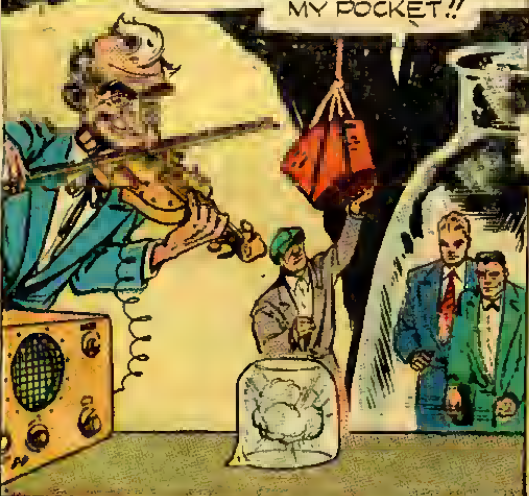
IT WOULD BE **EASY** FOR ME TO HIT THE **BASIC VIBRATORY NOTE** OF THAT **GLASS** AND SHATTER IT! MY TASK IS MUCH HARDER! I SHALL FIND THE **BASIC NOTE OF THE RAT**... BEHOLD!!

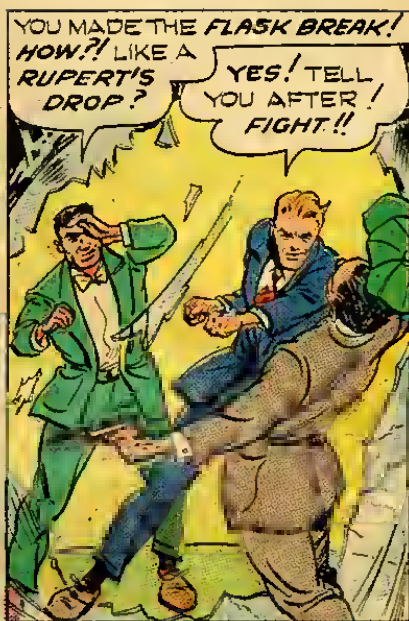
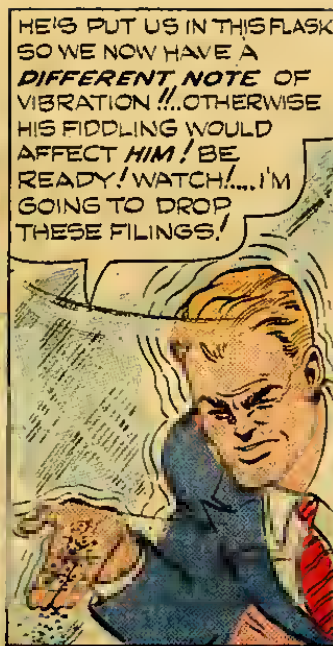


HA! AND AS I HIT THE PROPER NOTE.... POOF! THE RAT VANISHES! JUST AS YOU TWO WILL!!

I WONDER IF I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT VIBRATION THAT HE DOESN'T! THERE SHOULD BE SOME **IRON FILINGS** IN MY POCKET!!

IRON FILINGS?! AS SOON AS THE CORK IS IN PLACE, I SHALL VIBRATE YOU OUT OF EXISTENCE!!

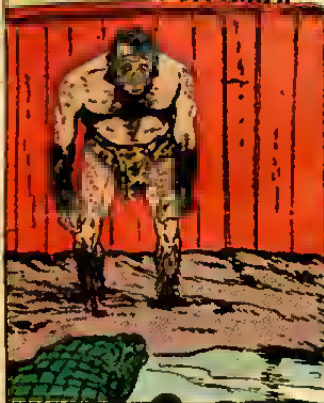




STEP RIGHT UP!!...SEE
KAHENO, THE GORILLA
MAN, MACGARVEY'S
GREATER TENT SHOWS
BIGGEST ATTRACTION, IN
HIS DEATH-DEFYING
HAND TO HAND ENCOUNTER
WITH THE MAN EAT-
ING CROCODILE!



HE LOOKS HALF-APE!!...
HE... HE'S NOT MOVING!!
HE LOOKS DAZED!
THE CROCODILE'S GOING
FOR HIM!!



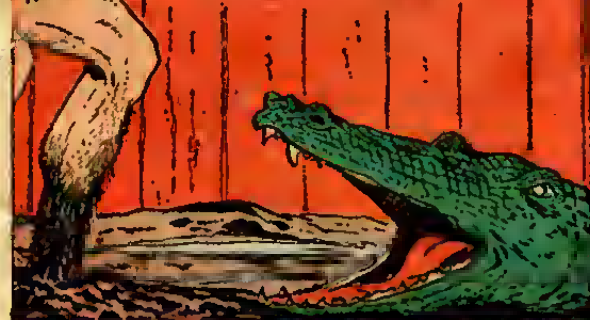
THE SHADOW MURDER IN THE CARNIVAL

Powell



THE SHADOW WHO AIDS THE FORCES OF LAW AND
ORDER, IS IN REALITY LAMONT CRANSTON, WEALTHY
YOUNG MAN-ABOUT-TOWN....BUT BECAUSE OF HIS
POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS SO THAT THEY CANNOT
SEE HIM NO ONE KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF
THE SHADOW BELONGS!

SOMETHING'S WRONG!! THE APE MAN'S
HALF ASLEEP!!
HE'S JUST STANDING THERE... LOOK OUT!
HE'LL GET KILLED!!



KAHENO!! GET OUT!!... FIGHT!! KAHENO!!



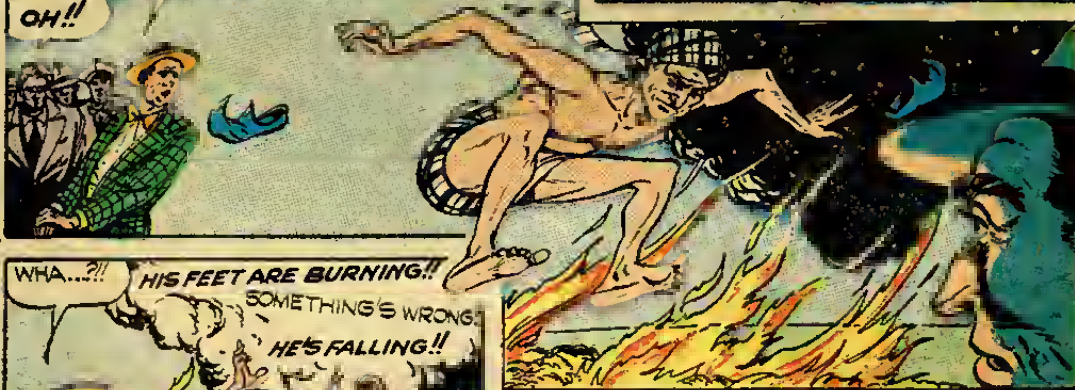
NEW YORK AGENCY?...THIS IS **MACGARVEY** AGAIN!!...YOU FIND AN ACT YET TO REPLACE MY GORILLA MAN?...HUH?...**BAHAMA, THE HINDU FIRE WALKER?**...DANCES **BAREFOOT ON RED-HOT COALS?**!...**GREAT!!**...SEND HIM RIGHT OUT!!...YOU SAY HIS NAME IS.....

BAHAMA!! THE HINDU FIRE-WALKER!!...**OKAY BOYS...THROW SOME MORE OIL OVER THOSE COALS!!**



...THERE HE GOES! LEAPING ON TO THE BED FIERY COALS!!

OH!!



WHA...?! HIS FEET ARE BURNING!!
SOMETHING'S WRONG!
HE'S FALLING!!

BAHAMA!! BAHAMA!! HELP ME GET HIM OFF!!...HE'S **BURNING ALIVE!!**
BAHAMA!!

EEEEEEOW!!

UGH!! OH!



TUNE IN

EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.....

NO MORE, LAMONT!!...I'M
TIRED OF LOOKING AT
**FREAKS...AND MY
FEET HURT!!**

WE'RE NOT HERE FOR **FUN**, MARGOT... MAC-
GARVEY, THE OWNER, **ASKED** ME TO COME
OUT BECAUSE OF A COUPLE OF RECENT
STRANGE ACCIDENTS!!...

OH?!.....

ONLY HE'S AFRAID THAT THEY **WEREN'T
ACCIDENTS** AND...
HE....**HEY!**
THERE'S A
SHOW WE
MISSED!!

PRESENTING....
**SALOME AND HER DANCE
OF THE SEVEN VEILS!!...**

HMMM!! WELL WE JUST **CAN'T** MISS
THAT, CAN....**OH!!**

MISTER CRANSTON,
HI YA, PALLY! THANKS
FOR COMIN'!!...C'MON IN.....
TAKE A LOOK AT **SOLOME!!**
ON THE
HOUSE!!

OH...HELLO,
MACGARVEY!

TELL ME, MACGARVEY....WHAT MAKES YOU THINK
THESE....**ACCIDENTS**....
MAY BE **PLANNED
MURDERS?..**

'CAUSE THEY BEEN
HAPPENING EXACTLY TEN
WEEKS APART.....'N' IT'S
**JUST ABOUT TIME FOR
ANOTHER!!**

THRILLING

ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS
FOR TIME AND STATION

YEAH...N' **MORONI**, MY ANIMAL TRAINER
AINT BEEN AROUND SINCE NOON!

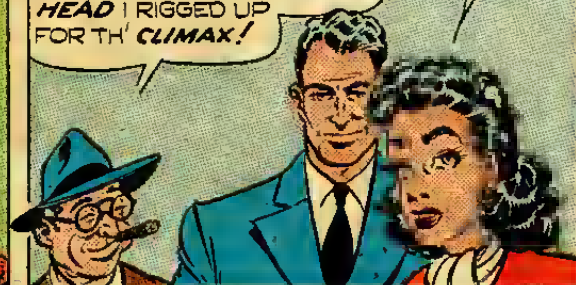
HAVE YOU ANY
IDEA WHO'D HAVE A **REASON**
TO KILL THE GORILLA-MAN....
AND THAT HINDU?.....



NOOO...BUT SOMEBODY MIGHT'VE KILLED 'EM
TO GET EVEN WITH **ME**!...THAT BARKER, **BARNEY**
FOSTER...I SEEN 'IM SOMEWHERE BEFORE... HE
MIGHT...AHHH...HOW YA LIKE TH' SHOW, LADY?...

SHE'S SURPRISINGLY
GOOD!!

YEAH! N' WAIT'LL
YA SEETH' **PAPIER MACHE'**
HEAD I RIGGED UP
FOR TH' **CLIMAX!**

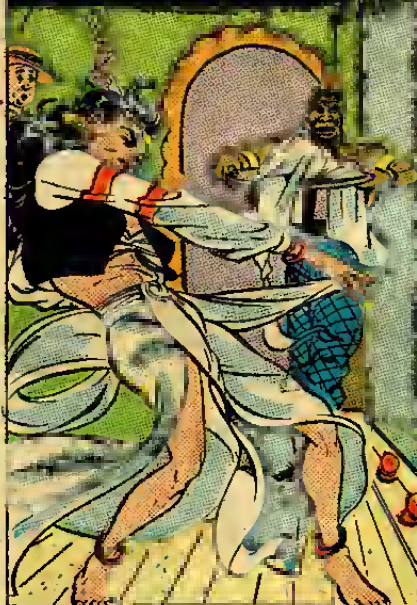


CLOSER AND CLOSER SHE DANCES, NOW SHE REACHES
OUT AND SNATCHES AWAY THE VEIL TO RE-
VEAL....**GOOD LORD!!**



T...THAT'S NOT THE
PAPIER-MACHE' HEAD!!!
THAT...THAT'S.....
MORONI'S!

....AND BENEATH THE SCARF
COVERING THE **FATAL TRAY**
RESTS THE HEAD OF **JOHN**
THE BAPTIST!!



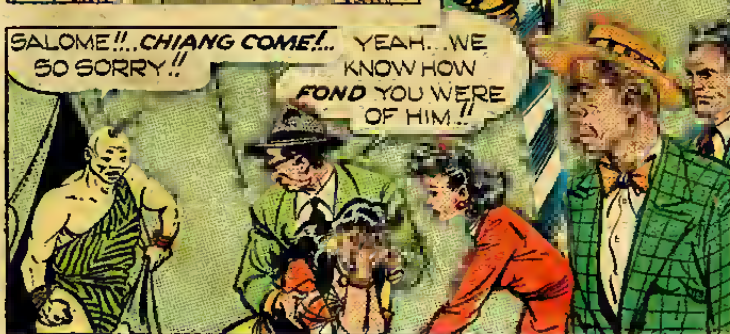
TEN MINUTES LATER
IN SALOME'S TENT....

WHAT DO YOU WANT,
YA BIG OX?....

FOOLS!!!...YOU DONT KNOW!!!
HE WAS MY **HUSBAND!!!**
DO YOU HEAR?! MY
HUSBAND!!!...NOW GET
OUT!! GET OUT!!

SALOME!!...CHIANG COME!!
SO SORRY!!

YEAH... WE
KNOW HOW
FOND YOU WERE
OF HIM!!







L...LAMONT !... L...LOOK!! ONE...GULP!!
IT'S MUMBLING
SOMETHING!!

ONE OF ITS ARMS
IS **BECKONING**
TO US!!



HERE TAKE THIS MIRROR!!...THIS THING'S GOT
A HEAD COVERED WITH A **BLACK VELVET**
CLOTH!... WAIT UNTIL I UNTIE
THESE STRINGS!



WHAT THE DEVIL ARE
YOU DOING
HERE!!



WHY...WHY IT'S A **PERFECTLY NORMAL PERSON!**

THAT'S RIGHT, LADY!... BO BO, THE
HEADLESS WONDER...ALL DONE WITH
MIRRORS!.. BARNEY WOULDN'T LET
ME OUT 'CAUSE I WOULDN'T LEND
HIM ANY DOUGH FOR
BOOZE!!

PLAYIN' DETECTIVE, EH, CRANSTON? MAYBE
YOU THINK I KILLED MORONI...**HA!...THAT'S**
RICH!... IF YOU WANT TO FIND YOUR
KILLER WHY NOT GO TALK TO
MACGARVEY?!

WHY
MACGARVEY,
BARNEY?



BECAUSE...I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE
HAD **BIG INSURANCE POLICIES** ON ALL
THREE OF HIS ACTS THAT
WERE KILLED!!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.....

DARLING, YOU DON'T THINK IT WAS **MAC-GARVEY** BECAUSE OF WHAT **BARNEY** SAID?!

I DON'T KNOW...BUT I HOPE TO FIND OUT!...NOW YOU GET ON HOME! THIS **WIND'S** PICKING UP AND IT MAY STORM!



I WISH YOU'D LET ME STAY!...AWW...ALL RIGHT!...BUT PLEASE BE **CAREFUL!!**

I WILL!...THERE'S JUST A **CHANCE** THAT **BARNEY'S** RIGHT SO I'M GO TO PAY HIM A VISIT.... AS **THE SHADOW!!**



LATER....

YOU'RE ASLEEP, MISTER **MACGARVEY**! HOW RUDE WHEN **THE SHADOW** COMES TO CALL!!

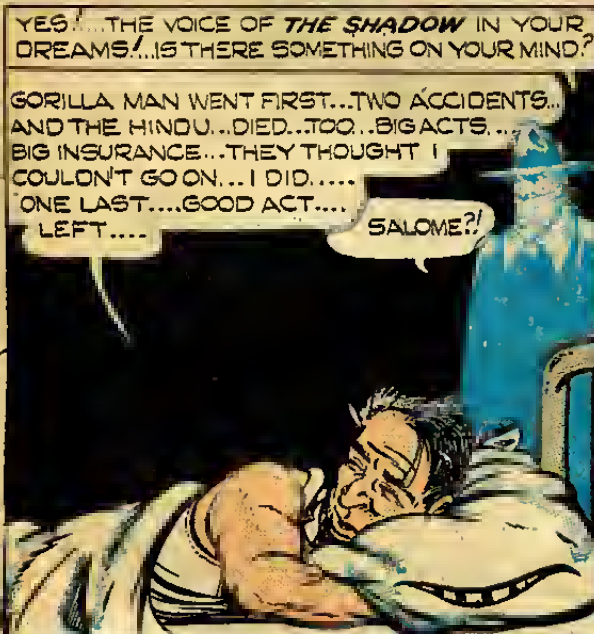
VOICE...SLEEP...IN MY DREAM....



YES!...THE VOICE OF **THE SHADOW** IN YOUR DREAMS!...IS THERE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND?

GORILLA MAN WENT FIRST...TWO ACCIDENTS... AND THE HINDU...DIED...TOO...BIG ACTS... BIG INSURANCE...THEY THOUGHT I COULDN'T GO ON...I DID.... ONE LAST....GOOD ACT.... LEFT....

SALOME?!

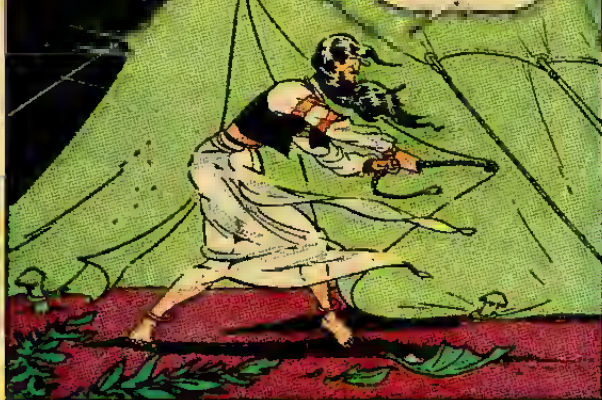


SALOME?! **SALOME!** WHO SAID THAT? WHO'S IN MY TENT!?!?

THE SHADOW, **MACGARVEY** AND YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL I WANT TO KNOW!!



MEANWHILE.... **THIS BLASTED WIND!!** BLOWN... MY...TENT... ROPE LOOSE...GOT IT!! NOW...TO FASTEN.... IT!!...MMMFF!! THERE!



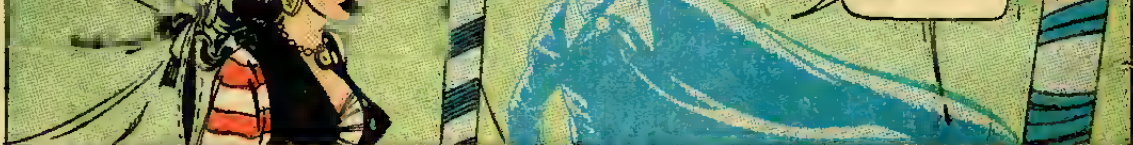
THIS IS **THE SHADOW** SALOME...AND I'VE COME TO WARN YOU!!...YOU'RE THE NEXT TO GO!!
 WHA...??...W...WHO ARE YOU?!!...OH!
I KNEW IT!!...I KNEW BARNEY FOSTER WOULD KILL ME NEXT!!
 WHY BARNEY?



TO GET EVEN WITH **MACGARVEY!!**...MACGARVEY RUINED BARNEY'S **FATHER!!**...HE HAD A TENT SHOW TOO AND MACGARVEY STOLE ALL HIS **ACTS!!**...BARNEY CHANGED HIS NAME AND CAME HERE TO GET **EVEN!!** I **SWEAR IT!!**



ALL RIGHT, SALOME!! BY TOMORROW NIGHT I WILL **NAME THE KILLER!!**... SLEEP NOW!!...YOU WILL **NOT** BE NEXT!



THE NEXT MORNING.....

...HERE'S AN ITEM...MACGARVEY HIRED THE GORILLA MAN IN 1946...AND BAHAMA DIED JUST TEN WEEKS LATER

HERE'S A NOTE ABOUT CHIANG...HE'S BEEN WITH THE SHOW SINCE 1945!!



THAT GIVES ME ALL THE INFORMATION I NEED FROM THESE **THEATRICAL PAPERS**...NOW I'VE GOT SOME LONG DISTANCE CALLS TO MAKE THAT MAY TAKE ME ALL AFTERNOON!!



THEN ARE WE GOING OUT TO THE CARNIVAL?

YES!! AND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU OUR **KILLER TONIGHT!**





CHIANG!!...HE..HE DID IT!!... HE TRIED TO CARRY ME OFF !!...HE BRAGGED HOW HE DID IT! DOPED THE GORILLA MAN 'N' WEAKENED THE HINDU'S FOOT BATH SOLUTION SO THAT HE'D FALL AND DIE IN THE FLAMES!!



HE KILLED MORONI AND THREW HIS BODY TO THE MAN-EATING CROCODILE...THAT ONE SWIMMING IN HIS SLIMY PIT RIGHT BEHIND YOU!!...YOU DO BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU!!...I SWEAR IT!!...BY THIS RING ON MY FINGER I SWEAR IT!!



THAT'S AN UNFORTUNATE STATEMENT SALOME!!

... BECAUSE THAT'S NOT JUST ONE RING...IT'S THREE BANDS BLENDED TOGETHER..THE THREE WEDDING RINGS GIVEN YOU BY THE GORILLA MAN, THE HINDU AND MORONI!!.. I KNOW!! I CHECKED THE COURTHOUSE RECORDS OF EVERY TOWN YOU PLAYED!! AND YOU KILLED THEM TO GET EVERY CENT THEY SAVED!!



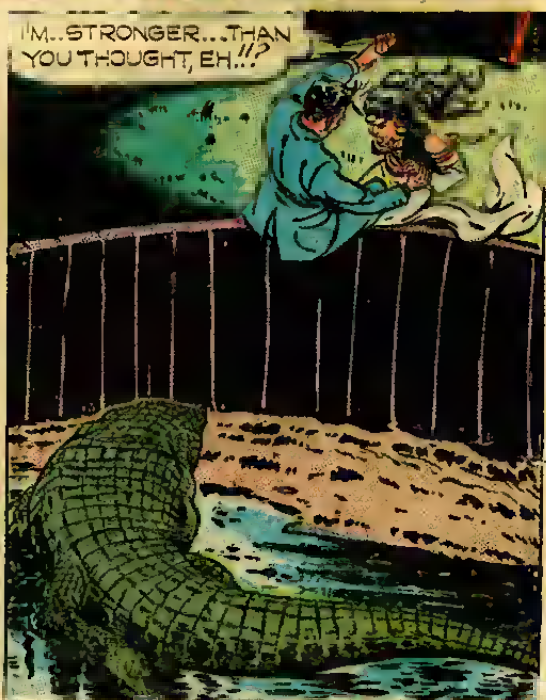
YOU BEAST!!



YES!! YES!! YES!! I DID IT !!... I KILLED THEM LIKE I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!!



I'M...STRONGER...THAN YOU THOUGHT, EH!!?

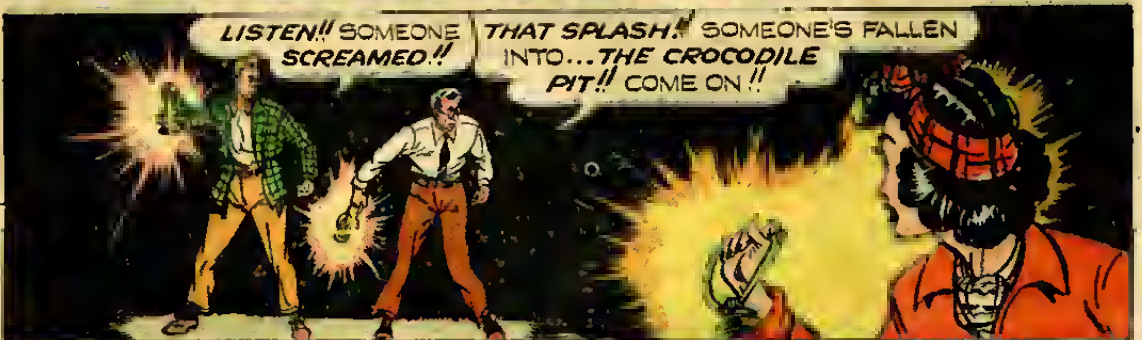


PIG!!... DOG!!... I'LL FEED YOU TO THE CROCODILE LIKE I DID MORON!!



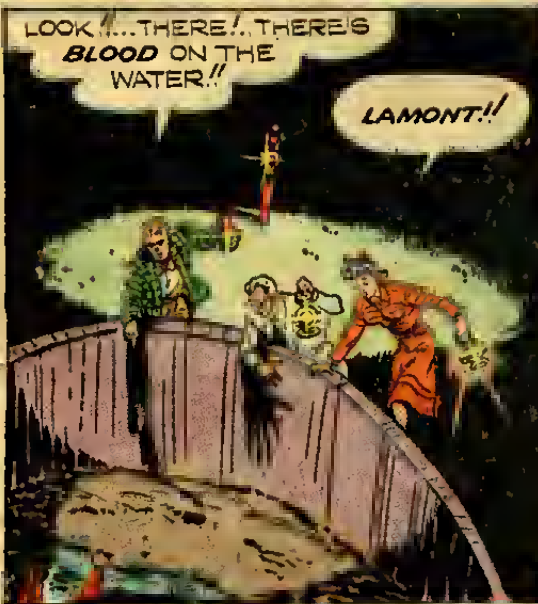
LISTEN!! SOMEONE SCREAMED!!

THAT SPLASH!! SOMEONE'S FALLEN INTO... THE CROCODILE PIT!! COME ON!!



LOOK!!... THERE!! THERE'S BLOOD ON THE WATER!!

LAMONT!!



NO!!... NO!!....

LAMONT!!

G..GOOD GRIEF!!... UGH!



MARGOT... BARNEY... MAC... OVER HERE
IN SALOME'S TENT... I'M ALL RIGHT!

LAMONT!!

WHA...?!

THE BLOOD YOU SAW WAS THE CROCODILE'S...
SHE KILLED IT HERSELF... SHE'S YOUR
KILLER, GENTLEMEN, AND I HAVE COPIES
OF HER MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES AS
PROOF!!

OH, MY DARLING!!... I THOUGHT... THANK HEAVEN
YOU'RE SAFE!!

THERE!! IT'S OVER NOW!!
SALOME SLIPPED INTO THE PIT
TRYING TO THROW ME IN!

FROM OLD **CIRCUS PAPERS** I FOUND OUT
SHE WAS ONCE STAR OF THE MOST **STRENUOUS**
TRAPEZE ACT IN SHOW BUSINESS.. THAT'S
WHERE SHE DEVELOPED **THE STRENGTH TO**
DECAPITATE MORONI AND THROW HIS BODY
INTO THE PIT!!! WELL... THAT'S IT!!... I THINK
YOU'D BETTER CALL THE

POLICE!

Y...YEAH...!!

...AND SO... THE NEXT DAY.....

I STILL CAN'T GET OVER I FOUND OUT ABOUT
SALOME'S **STRENGTH!!** HER STRENGTH WHEN

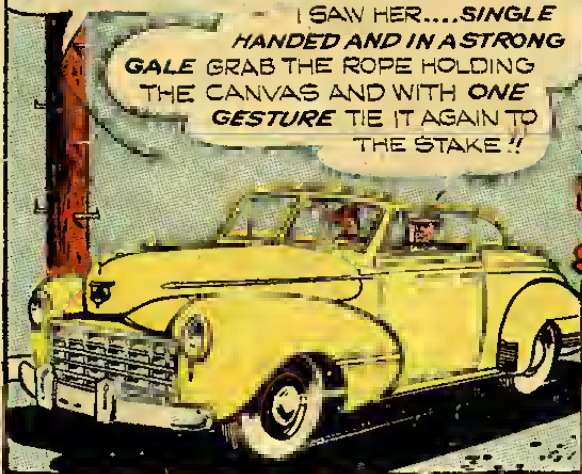
I SAW HER.... **SINGLE**

HANDED AND IN A STRONG
GALE GRAB THE ROPE HOLDING
THE CANVAS AND WITH **ONE**
GESTURE TIE IT AGAIN TO
THE STAKE!!

...AND IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE NOT THAT
STRONG OR I'D HAVE HAD A **COUPLE OF**
BROKEN RIBS FROM THE WAY YOU

MMMM... AND I SUPPOSE
YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT,
HMM??!

GRABBED ME
WHEN YOU FOUND
OUT I WAS
ALLRIGHT!



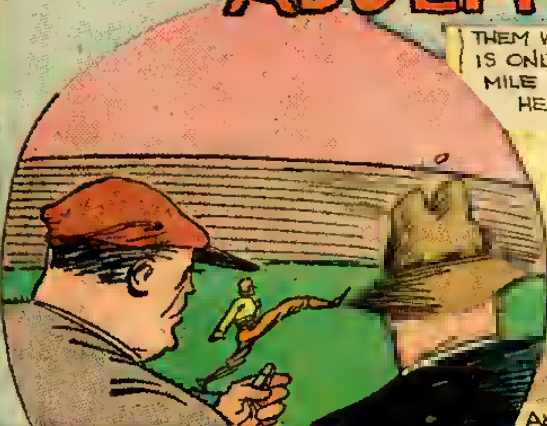
BASKETBALL

THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY'S MIRACLE
TEAM AND ITS GREAT COACH,

ADOLPH RUPP

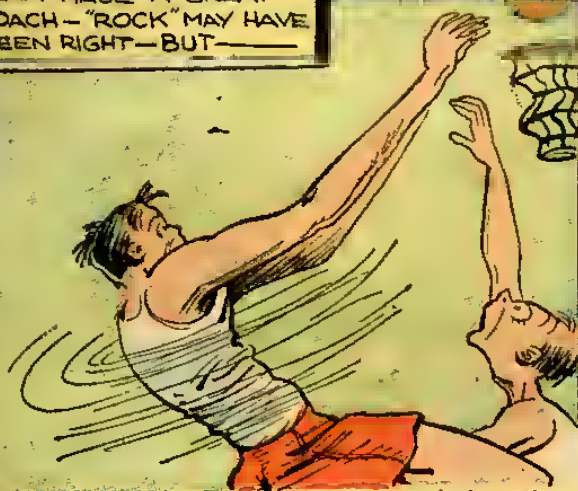
THEM WILD TURKEYS
IS ONLY TEN
MILE FROM
HERE—

YES, ELIAS,
WE'VE ONLY
GONE
'BOUT
FOUR
MILE—

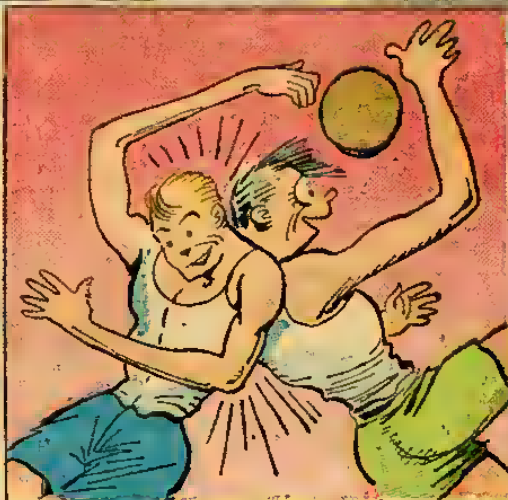


KNUTE ROCKNE, THE
FAMOUS NOTRE DAME
FOOTBALL COACH, ONCE
TOLD ME THAT A GREAT
TEAM MADE A GREAT
COACH—"ROCK" MAY HAVE
BEEN RIGHT—BUT—

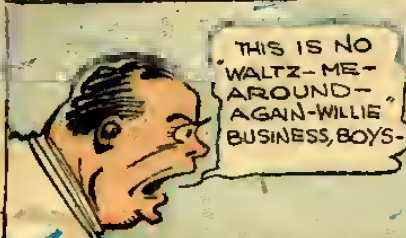
ANYWAY, THE RUGGED HILLS OF KENTUCKY
HAVE ALWAYS PRODUCED A STRONG, STAGHART,
COURAGEOUS GENERATION OF YOUTHS (ABRAHAM
LINCOLN WAS ONE)—BOYS OF ENDURANCE—AND IT
IS FROM THIS MATERIAL THAT ADOLPH RUPP HAS
DEVELOPED HIS PHENOMENAL BASKETBALL TEAMS—



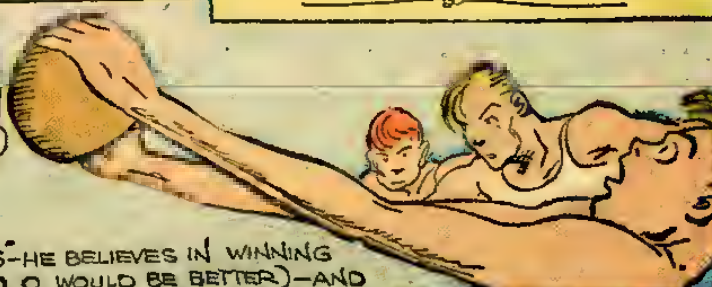
IN BASKETBALL A GOOD TALL MAN IS ALWAYS
BETTER THAN A GOOD SHORTER MAN—OTHER
QUALITIES BEING EQUAL, THE PLAYER WITH
ALTITUDE AND A LONG REACH HAS THE "JUMP"—



BUT REACH AND SKILL WITHOUT PROPER
COACHING CANNOT HOPE TO COMPETE
WITH "FAST COMPANY" TODAY IN SPORTS—
AND HERE ENTERS ADOLPH RUPP—



THIS IS NO
"WALTZ-ME-
AROUND-
AGAIN-WILLIE"
BUSINESS, BOYS—

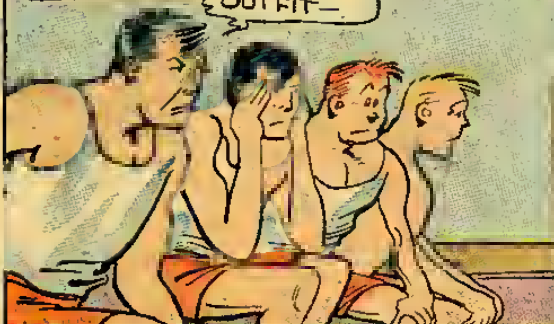


MR. RUPP DOESN'T GO FOR 'SISSIES'—HE BELIEVES IN WINNING
GAMES LIKE 85 TO 3—(200 TO 0 WOULD BE BETTER)—AND
SO HE DEMANDS THE BEST HUMAN ENGINES HE CAN FIND—

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

BASKETBALL - CONTINUED -

THERE ISN'T A SECOND STRING TEAM ON THIS OUTFIT—



THE RESULT OF HIS GREAT COACHING SKILL IS THAT HE HAS SO MANY FINE PLAYERS THAT SOME OF HIS ALL-AMERICA STARS ARE SITTING ON THE BENCH AS SUBSTITUTES—

CLEAN LAUNDRY AND EVERYTHING JUST FOR PLAYING BASKETBALL—



IT MIGHT BE ADDED THAT EACH KY. UNIVERSITY ATHLETE RECEIVES ROOM, BOARD, TUITION, BOOKS, LAUNDRY AND \$10 A MONTH—



HIS POWER-HOUSE TEAM RIDES HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME OVER ALL OPPONENTS—THERE'S NOT ENOUGH SEATS (2800) TO ACCOMMODATE THE SPECTATORS—

MR. RUPP, I'M A STAR ON THE WASHINGTON HIGH TEAM—

OH, MR. RUPP!

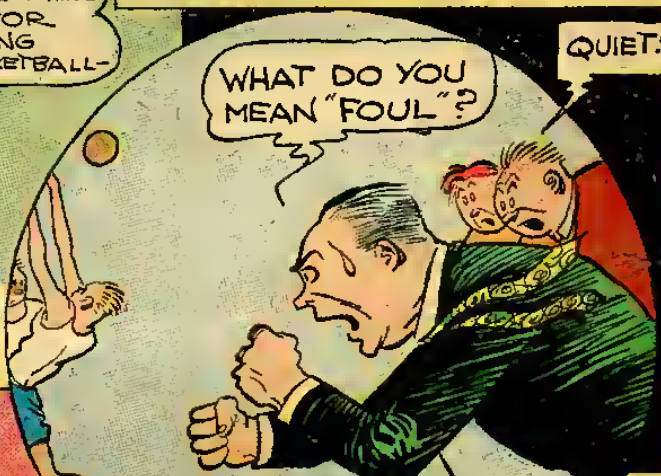
MR. RUPP!



BASKETBALL HOPERULS SWAMP RUPP AT LEXINGTON KENTUCKY, WHERE THE UNIVERSITY IS SITUATED—MORE THAN A HUNDRED OF THEM A YEAR, FROM TOP HIGH SCHOOLS HAMMER AT HIS DOOR—

QUIET!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "FOUL"?

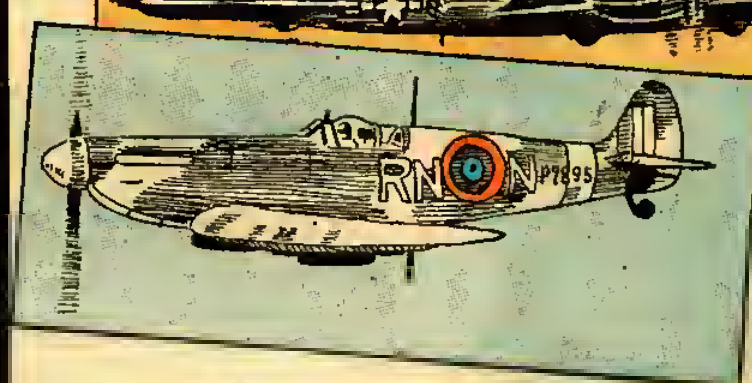


RUPP DOESN'T ACT LIKE A RUN-OF-THE-MINE COACH—DURING A GAME HE HURLS NOISY ASSAULTS AT THE OFFICIALS AND CREATES PLENTY OF CONFUSION—



IN ABOUT TWO YEARS THE UNIVERSITY WILL COMPLETE ITS \$2,000,000 FIELD HOUSE, SEATING 12,000—AND THERE'LL BE ANOTHER 12,000 OUTSIDE TRYING TO GET IN—

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WRONG, it's the ELEVATORS.

WHAT TURNS THE AIRPLANE?

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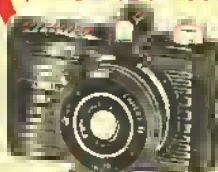
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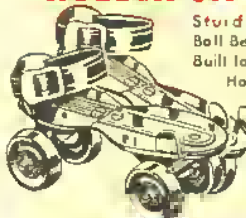
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